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Introduction to Phenomenological Narration

Respawn is an attempt to grammatically[1] generalize the first-person perspective. Characterized by phenomenological narration designed to approximate select aspects of subconscious mentation, it presents readers with a rather unique challenge.

Historically, the first-person perspective has been synonymous with "self-conscious narration".[2] Authors guarantee output-readability by equipping narrators with self-conscious monologues composed of sentential outputs known as *well-formed formulas.*[3] Yet where subconscious grammatical operations are accessed and exercised without regard for readability, one may (1) decompose sentential outputs into generalized phonemes, morphemes, phonesthemes, lexemes, and phrasemes, and (2) recompose these units into *proto-formed formulas.*[4] Rather than being gifted with a delicately curated sequence of well-formed formulas, readers are being tasked with dynamically coupling, re-coupling, re-re-coupling...to the subconscious traces of grammatical operations. Recognizing that literary expressions need not conform to the strict mandate of *terminal well-formedness* (readability) opens the door for proto-formed formulas to verbally[5] approximate the subconscious aspects of behavioral, sensorial, memorial, attentional, intentional, ideational, and emotional qualia, along with their intricate interrelations.

The nonterminal phase of grammatical generation, corresponding to the property of *nonterminal proto-formedness* (perceivability), is broadly presumed to be introspectively inaccessible, uncontrollable, or unusable.[6] Reinforced by the invention and popularization of computing devices whose functionality relies entirely on bitwise terminal symbols, terminal expressions, and terminal operations, this presumption has reached the status of common knowledge. In a literary context, it is taken for granted that nonterminal symbols, nonterminal expressions, and nonterminal operations are native to a reader's cognitive apparatus and therefore unnecessary to include in the text. Indeed, the standard hierarchy of computing languages may be easily extended to include the stratified units of literary constructs. Where (1) the terminal symbols known as alphabetic symbols are the human-equivalent of the numeric symbols or base units manipulated in base-level hardware and machine code, it follows that (2) "words" and "phrases" may be analogized to the units of low-level assembly language instructions issued to a computer's terminal machine code, (3) "sentences", "paragraphs", and "chapters" may be analogized to the units of high-level programming language instructions issued to a computer's terminal display-extended assembly language, and (4) "settings", "plots", and "characters" belong to the limit-level programming metalanguage in terms of which human programmers generate, integrate, and calibrate their machine-independent abstractions. Note that this hierarchy is no more than a stratified system of terminal symbols, terminal expressions, and terminal operations.

Terminal well-formedness is a general property of words, phrases, clauses, and sentences which obey a dialect's rules of phonology, morphology, syntax, and semantics. For example, the word "kfj" is phonologically ill-formed in that

[1] Here, "grammar" is referred to in its full linguistic sense, including the branches of morphology, phonology, syntax, and semantics. To follow are remarks and examples which suggest that the first-person perspective need not rely on strict sentential structure.
[2] Self-conscious narration heavily privileges the well-formed sentential outputs, as opposed to the grammatical operations, of natural and formal language. Subconscious grammatical operations produce "proto-formed formulas" amenable to phenomenological narration.
[3] A "well-formed formula" is a syntactically specialized, semantically disambiguated ("complete") sequence of alphabetic, algebraic, or numeric symbols of finite length in the context of formal language theory. In the context of formal phenomenology, which is a qualitative application of formal language theory, it is capable of verbally approximating self-conscious mentation, sensation, and emotion. A "well-formed word" obeys a particular sublanguage's rules of phonology and morphology.
[4] A "proto-formed formula" is a syntactically generalized, semantically open-ended or nebulous ("incomplete") sequence of alphabetic, algebraic, or numeric symbols of finite length in the context of natural language theory. In the context of *fusional* phenomenology, which is a qualitative co-generalization of formal-natural language theory, it is capable of verbally approximating subconscious mentation, sensation, and emotion. A "proto-formed word", the most common instance of which is a weakly-lexicalized onomatopoeic word, extends a particular sublanguage's rules of phonology and morphology to respectively include nonverbal sounds and paraverbal meanings.
[5] We prefer the term "verbally" rather than "linguistically" for a simple etymological reason. In Latin, "verbum" translates to "word", whereas "lingua" translates to "tongue". It is well-established that words do not require vocalization at all for language acquisition and application. Children born deaf acquire and apply words through pure gesticulation in the course of learning sign language. Accordingly, although the near-entirety of subconscious mentation is nonverbal (i.e., word-free sensorial, memorial, emotional, etc.), it may be verbally approximated through proto-formed variables and formulas.
[6] This presumption is correct only where elements and expressions are artificially restricted to well-formed variables and formulas.

it contains no vowels and produces a garbled sound without a discernible referent. Similarly, the word "ed-jump" is morphologically ill-formed in that it misplaces the past tense suffix "ed", violating a basic inflectional rule. The dependent clause "plants the are" is syntactically ill-formed in that it invalidly inverts the noun and article. The following sentence is syntactically well-formed yet semantically ill-formed: "The plants are migrating." The plethora of edge cases, being neither fully well-formed nor ill-formed, are termed *proto-formed* to the extent that they embody the property of nonterminal proto-formedness; that is, any word, phrase, clause, or sentence which may appear in the nonterminal phase of grammatical generation, but not necessarily in its terminal-sentential output. The previous examples may be converted into proto-formed variables and formulas as follows: "kfj" → "kffff" (signaling a scoff); "ed-jump" → "jump-ed-ed-ed" (emphasizing the pastness of the jump); "plants the are" and "the plants are migrating" → "plants proliferate through the actions of bees and other pollinating insects". Proto-formedness permits the qualitative appropriation of nonterminal symbols, nonterminal expressions, and nonterminal operations – these being otherwise subconsciously processed and discarded in the course of generating a terminal expression – to proto-formed variables and formulas.

Restricting the first-person perspective to terminal well-formedness altogether suspends any attempt to controllably convey, through nonterminal proto-formedness, the subconscious aspects of the most ordinary, never mind more anomalous, instances of behavioral, sensorial, memorial, attentional, intentional, ideational, and emotional experience.[7] However, relaxing the first-person perspective to incorporate nonterminal proto-formedness causes considerable growing pains which are not to be misinterpreted as natural reactions to sloppiness or "word salad".

Generalizing "readability" to "perceivability" – "reading" being a highly specialized sub-operation of "perceiving" – cues certain morphological, grammatical, and typographical relaxations. This introduction to phenomenological narration in no way qualifies as a contribution to linguistics; it merely invokes established results and well-defined classifications to explain the role of proto-formed variables and formulas within a *generalized first-person perspective.*

Morphological Relaxation

Specialized First-Person Perspective	Generalized First-Person Perspective
Applies semantically *specialized lexemes* by (1) restricting the narrator's lexicon to inflectional extensions of single words and, as a byproduct, (2) neglecting the availability of various methods of word-formation: lexical blending, nominal composition, abbreviation, neologization, acronymization, back-formation, and morphological derivation.	Adjoins semantically *generalized lexemes* by (1) relaxing the narrator's lexicon to the full range of inflectional and formational productions and, as a result, (2) permitting the verbal approximation of various mental, emotional, and behavioral subtleties and anomalies.
Applies semantically *specialized morphemes* by adhering to dictionary-established spellings regardless of changes in tone, tempo, pitch, and stress.	Adjoins semantically *generalized morphemes* by modifying spellings and inserting hyphenations, capitalizations, strikethroughs, and other accentuations according to changes in tone, tempo, pitch, and stress.
Approximates common and simple nonverbal sounds with *specialized onomatopoeic words*, thereby excluding uncommon, subtle, and temporally-extensive sounds.	Approximates uncommon, subtle, and temporally-extensive nonverbal sounds with semantically *generalized onomatopoeic words* or "morphonemes" (not to be confused with "morphophonemes").
Minimizes personal neologisms and other linguistic idiosyncrasies in the service of *output-readability.*	Maximizes personal neologisms and other linguistic idiosyncrasies in the service of *throughput-perceivability.*

Being inherent to both colloquial conversation and subconscious mentation, this morphological relaxation may cause some authors and readers to pause or even recoil. Crucial among them is the lossless adjunction of generalized lexemes to specialized lexemes as a function of the narrator's full use of inflectional and formational productions. Appreciating this adjunction first requires a brief review of the phonological and morphological foundations of word-formation.

[7] Note that since proto-formed formulas are composed of terminal symbols rather than of nonterminal symbols (these being lexical and grammatical categories that are omitted from terminal expressions), they occupy the connective boundary between terminal and nonterminal expressions and therefore qualify as neither strictly terminal nor nonterminal, but "proto-terminal".

Base abstract units of linguistic sound, termed *phonemes*, are partitioned into the classes of consonants and vowels:

(/b/, /c/, /d/, /f/, /g/, /h/, /j/, /k/, /l/, /m/, /n/, /p/, /q/, /r/, /s/, /t/, /v/, /w/, /x/, /y/, /z/, /sh/, /ch/, /th/, /ng/)

(/a/, /e/, /i/, /o/, /u/, /ae/, /ee/, /ie/, /oa/, /ue/, /oo/ /ou/, /oi/, /ar/, /or/, /er/, /air/)

Since this notation presupposes a mature knowledge of word-forms, phonologists have developed more precise phonemic notation (e.g., /ä/, /ö/, /æ/, /ü/, /ï/) to aid in cross-relating and ultimately intertranslating the many spoken and signed sublanguages[8] of human natural language. In signed sublanguages, rather than being partitioned into disjoint classes of vowels and consonants, phonemes are partitioned into manual and non-manual (facial, corporeal) parameters, which, given the potential for their simultaneous implementation, often double as morphemes and profoundly dynamize signed communication. Generally, the strict partition between spoken phonemes and spoken morphemes yields a strict partition between linguistic sound and linguistic meaning in the minds of speakers. Yet experimental linguists have long established that toddlers and young children acquire natural language more quickly when playing with onomatopoeic words ("click", "pop", "moo", "oink", "woof", "achoo", etc.) precisely because they constitute a class of semantically generalized phonemes or "morphonemes"[9] which, by contracting the mapping between morphemes and phonemes, approximate a large range of nonverbal sounds.[10] Where morphemes are the base units of linguistic meaning, morphonemes are the base units of "proto-linguistic meaning". Speakers are encouraged to learn from signers that softening the otherwise strict partition between spoken phonemes and spoken morphemes, through morphonemes, dynamizes spoken and written communication. However, existing onomatopoeic words are relatively few in number, heavily reliant on the characteristic[11] pronunciation of single vowels (i.e., "strongly lexicalized"), and exclude uncommon, subtle, and temporally-extensive nonverbal sounds. In addition to their secondary grammatical functions as nouns and verbs, onomatopoeic words serve a primary morphophonological function as "sound-imitative utterances"[12] and are often spontaneously formed by speakers of all ages. We classify most existing onomatopoeic words as *specialized morphonemes* where they are "strongly lexicalized" and therefore loosely imitate the sounds they represent. In an attempt to more closely approximate nonverbal sounds, we experiment with "weakly lexicalized" or *generalized morphonemes* which resemble ill-formed words. After all, alphabetic and typographic symbols were invented to aid in language acquisition and its textual preservation across generations, not to approximate nonverbal sounds.

Observing that even simple examples of generalized morphonemes are difficult to textually approximate may help to illustrate this fact. The act of taking a deep breath may be approximated as:

("mhhhhhhh...*hhhhh*ahhhhhhh")

The act of quickly spitting may be textually approximated as:

("pwt")

The act of heaving or vomiting may be textually approximated as:

("wuu*AGK*...wuuuUUUUhhhh")

Please note that these three examples are no more than makeshift approximations, are not expressed in phonemic notation, and are subject to stylistic experimentation. A similar technique can be applied to vary the tone, tempo, pitch, and stress of morphemes and phrasemes by modifying (≙) their spelling:

[8] Note that "sublanguages" (often loosely called "languages": English, Italian, Swahili, Mandarin, etc.) refer to historically-sensitive vocal, gestural, and tactile instantiations of the invariant grammatical operations and parameters of human natural language. Indeed, the simple fact that all dialects are co-learnable and intertranslatable doubles as the simple proof that all sublanguages (whether spoken, written, visual-signed, or tactile-signed) are sourced by, and therefore regress to, invariant grammatical operations and variable parameters.

[9] Morphonemes are to be sharply distinguished from "morphophonemes", units which play a purely classificational role. For example, the morpheme "ed" can take the forms of the following phonemes: /t/ ("popped"), /d/ ("tattled"), or /id/ ("sounded"). By contrast, we are classifying morphonemes as units of specialized and generalized onomatopoeia which play a developmental role in language acquisition and a functional role in language use.

[10] Nonverbal sounds range from those produced by animals, plants, machines, household macroscopic objects, geological objects, and so on.

[11] By "characteristic", we mean "dominant dialect-specific".

[12] Gregory Stump, *Onomatopoeias in Modern English*. Cambridge University Press, 2006: p. 42.

("yes" ≙ "yesssss")

("right" ≙ "riiiight")

("I am going to" ≙ "Ima")

("still making progress" ≙ "progressing-ing-ing")

Where the words "yes", "right", "I", "am", "go", "to", "still", "make", "progress" are all stand-alone or free morphemes, their modified[13] (expanded, contracted, hyphenated, or otherwise accentuated) spellings may be termed *generalized morphemes*. Conventionally, morphemes are partitioned into free and bound forms. Free morphemes possess an independent meaning and include many monosyllabic words:

("book", "bank", "dog", "song", "bounce", "take", "bring", "plant", "sink", "born", "bake")

Bound morphemes lack an independent meaning and are further partitioned into inflectional and derivational forms:

("bank" ⊛ "ed" ⇒ "bank<u>ed</u>")

("book" ⊛ "s" ⇒ "book<u>s</u>")

("ship" ⊛ "ment" ⇒ "ship<u>ment</u>")

("bank" ⊛ "er" ⇒ "bank<u>er</u>")

("book" ⊛ "un" ⇒ "<u>un</u>book")

("ship" ⊛ "pre" ⇒ "<u>pre</u>-ship")

Note that inflectional forms are restricted to suffixes ("ed", "s", "ment"), while derivational forms invoke the full range of affixes (prefix, suffix, infix, etc.). Both apply to nouns, verbs, adjectives, and adverbs, but generally not to pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, and interjections:

("<u>pre</u>-of" ⊄ "of")

("you-<u>ed</u>" ⊄ "you")

("and-<u>ing</u>" ⊄ "and")

("oh-<u>ness</u>" ⊄ "oh")

Since most[14] polysyllabic words can be decomposed into free and bound morphemes, they are often termed polymorphemes:

("<u>read</u>" ⊛ "<u>ing</u>" ⇒ "reading")

("<u>function</u>" ⊛ "<u>al</u>" ⇒ "functional")

("<u>sect</u>" ⊛ "<u>tion</u>" ⊛ "<u>al</u>" ⇒ "sectional")

[13] <u>Stylistic note:</u> In *Respawn*, we chose to retain apostrophes in mid-word contractions (e.g., can't), but to omit them in start-word and end-word contractions (e.g., 'em ⇒ em, freakin' ⇒ freakin) in order to permit versatile spelling modifications (e.g., freakinnnnnn) while respecting the convention that applies to more common contractions. We continue this practice here.

[14] Certain polysyllabic words (e.g., "helicopter"), which are co-opted from other dialect(s) of natural language, can only be decomposed into phonemes. However, in the context of their original dialect(s), they can be decomposed into free or bound morphemes: in Greek, ("helico" ⊙ "pter") are both morphemes, respectively denoting "helix" and "wing".

In the interest of addressing a general audience, we invoke only general-purpose notation. Preliminarily, the relational symbol "≗" denotes a *modification* in spelling (applying to words and phrases); the operational symbol "⊛" denotes a *concatenation*; the relational symbol "↺" denotes the *semantic irreducibility* of a phrase, clause, or sentence to the interpretations of its components; the operational symbol "⇒" denotes a *production*; the relational symbol "∝" denotes a *semantic compatibility*; the relational symbol "⊄" retains its standard set-theoretic use of *non-inclusion*.

Phonemes and morphemes together compose *lexemes*, respectively partitioned into specialized (inflectional) and generalized (derivational) forms:

("run" = ("ran", "runs", "running"))

("run" = ("ran", "runs", "running", "runner", "runners", "runnable", "unrunnable", "runnability", "runstart", "runtime", "runsick", "runningstore", "runningwise"))

Generalized lexemes capture the products of every method of word-formation: (1) lexical blending, (2) nominal composition, (3) abbreviation, (4) neologization, (5) acronymization, (6) back-formation, and (7) morphological derivation. To follow are informal definitions and simple examples.

The similar processes of partial and total *blending* involve the selective concatenation of two or more phonemes (/p/), phonesthemes ("sm"), or free-bound morphemes ("read"-"ing"):

("video" ⊛ "blog" ⇒ "vlog")

("smoke" ⊛ "fog" ⇒ "smog")

("quantum ⊛ bit" ⇒ "qubit")

("breath" ⊛ "analyzer" ⇒ "breathalyzer")

("contraction" ⊛ "space" ⊛ "expansion" ⇒ "conspansion")

The process of *nominal composition* involves the complete concatenation of two or more free morphemes with and without hyphenation:

("sky" ⊛ "line" ⇒ "skyline")

("house" ⊛ "party" ⇒ "houseparty")

("son" ⊛ "in" ⊛ "law" ⇒ "son-in-law")

("council" ⊛ "women" ⇒ "councilwoman")

The processes of *abbreviation* and *acronymization* are similarly contractive and colloquially well-recognized:

("lane": "l" ⊛ "n" ⇒ "ln.")

("identity": "i" ⊛ "d" ⇒ "id.")

("avenue": "a" ⊛ "v" ⊛ "e" ⇒ "ave.")

("etcetera": "e" ⊛ "t" ⊛ "c" ⇒ "etc.")

("qualio-perceptual syntax": "q" ⊛ "p" ⊛ "s" ⇒ "QPS")

("as soon as possible": "a" ⊛ "s" ⊛ "a" ⊛ "p" ⇒ "ASAP")

("individualized education program": "i" ⊛ "e" ⊛ "p" ⇒ "IEP")

The process of *neologization*, perhaps the freest method of word-formation, is intimately known to artists concentrating on literary and cinematic "world building".[15] Often involving the concatenation of semantically uninterpreted word fragments, neologisms have fictional, technical, logistical, promotional, and recreational uses:

("je" ⊛ "di" ⇒ "jedi")

("va" ⊛ "p" ⊛ "aad" ⇒ "vapaad")

("co" ⊛ "ru" ⊛ "sc" ⊛ "ant" ⇒ "coruscant")

("geo" ⊛ "no" ⊛ "s" ⊛ "ian" ⇒ "geonosian")

The process of *back-formation*, which is especially present in dialects that recruit words from other dialects, involves the generation of a new word via inflectional expansion or contraction from an existing word:

("cavity" ⊛ "ate" ⇒ "cavitate")

("television" ⊛ "ise" ⇒ "televise")

("diagnosis" ⊛ "e" ⇒ "diagnose")

("surveillance" ⊛ "eil" ⇒ "surveil")

Although back-formation often begins as an inflectional contraction, the newly generated word may also be expanded beyond its initial form:

("cavity" = ("cavitate", "cavitating", "cavitated", "cavitation"))

("television" = ("televise", "televising", "televised", "televisable"))

("diagnosis" = ("diagnose", "diagnostic", "diagnosable", "diagnostician"))

("surveillance" = ("surveil", "surveilling", "surveilled", "surveillant"))

The process of *morphological derivation* involves inserting an affix (prefix, suffix, infix, etc.) into an existing word or root at any section:

("board" ⊛ "ers" ⇒ "boarders")

("tautology" ⊛ "ize" ⇒ "tautologize")

("bounty" ⊛ "i" ⊛ "ful" ⇒ "bountiful")

("auto" ⊛ "morphism" ⇒ "automorphism")

This method of word-formation yields a massive and largely untapped fund of *neologisms*:

("ontic" ⊛ "s" ⇒ "ontics")

("vicinity" ⊛ "ary" ⇒ "vicinitary")

[15] Of course, technical researchers, marketers, comedians, and entrepreneurs also frequently introduce neologisms for a variety of domain-specific purposes.

(“euphoria” ⊛ “te” ⇒ “euphoriate”)

(“incessant” ⊛ “ce” ⇒ “incessance”)

(“teleport” ⊛ “a” ⊛ “tive” ⇒ “teleportative”)

Each of these may then be inflectionally expanded as desired:

(“vicinity” ⊛ “ary” ⇒ “vicinitary” ⊛ “ily” ⇒ “vicinitarily”)

(“euphoria” ⊛ “te” ⇒ “euphoriate” ⊛ “ing” ⇒ “euphoriating”)

(“teleport” ⊛ “a” ⊛ “tive” ⇒ “teleportative” ⇒ “teleportatively”)

Despite seldom engaging in phonological and morphological experimentation, authors are constantly introducing new and euphonic *phrasemes*, multiword expressions with compositional and non-compositional forms. Linguists partition non-compositional phrasemes, also termed idioms, into full idioms, semi-idioms, and weak idioms. All idioms are termed non-compositional insofar as they share the general property of being uninterpretable from, or semantically irreducible to, the meanings of their components alone, even in sequence. Full idioms, whose semantic interpretations do not properly include the meanings of any one of their components, are the strongest form. Where a full idiom is more formally expressed as a concatenation of components βΦΨζ (whether verbs, adverbs, nouns, adjectives, etc.), the global meaning of the idiom is semantically irreducible (↺) to the local meanings of any or all of its components:

((“βΦΨζ” ↺ “β”), (“βΦΨζ” ↺ “Φ”), (“βΦΨζ” ↺ “Ψ”), (“βΦΨζ” ↺ “ζ”))

More informally:

(“The jig is up.” ∝ “The scheme or deceit has been exposed or halted.”)

(“The scheme has been exposed or halted.” ↺ “The”)

(“The scheme has been exposed or halted.” ↺ “Jig”)

(“The scheme has been exposed or halted.” ↺ “Is”)

(“The scheme has been exposed or halted.” ↺ “Up”)

Yielding:

(“The jig is up.” ↺ “The”)

(“The jig is up.” ↺ “Jig”)

(“The jig is up.” ↺ “Is”)

(“The jig is up.” ↺ “Up”)

The conventional semantic interpretations of the noun “jig” are those of a “lively dance” and a “stabilizing device”, neither directly denoting “scheme” or “deceit”. However, once “jig” is creatively repurposed through this phraseme, it gains a new semantic interpretation as a stand-alone word by way of “phraseological back-formation”.[16] Full idioms are distinguished from semi-idioms and weak idioms through the latter’s inclusion of more literal components:

[16] Its new semantic interpretation existed, first, as part of a phraseme, and was then back-formed as a stand-alone word.

(“Down in the dumps” ∝ “The state of being dejected or depressed.”)

(“Foot the bill” ∝ “Cover or complete a (usually) unreasonable payment or charge.”)

(“Drop in the bucket” ∝ “A negligible amount or progress toward a goal or standard.”)

Setting aside the technical distinction between a semi-idiom and a weak idiom, compositional phrasemes are partitioned into *collocations* and *clichés*. Collocations are phrasemes whose components are grouped in a statistically frequent fashion and, as such, are deemed “natural-sounding” (i.e., semantically interpretable with ease and without ambiguity). They include adjective-noun, noun-verb, noun-noun, verb-adverb, and n>2-component phrases, often involving determiners or conjunctions:

(“Brief chat”: adjective-noun phrase)

(“Business boomed”: noun-verb phrase)

(“Vaguely remember”: verb-adverb phrase)

(“Happily married”: adverb-adjective phrase)

(“Structure and dynamics”: noun-noun phrase)

(“Pay close attention”: verb-adjective-noun phrase)

Native and non-native speakers alike are able to infer the semantic interpretations of clichés, unlike those of most idioms, without requiring prior exposure or knowledge of unconventional word use.

Were more literature programs to require introductory courses in phonology, morphology, and other branches of theoretical linguistics, authors may be less reluctant to combine the many methods of phonation, inflection, and word-formation to develop their own generalized morphemes, generalized lexemes, and generalized morphonemes. Existing phraseological experimentation, through phrasemes and pragmatemes, would be thereby augmented.

Grammatical Relaxation

Specialized First-Person Perspective	Generalized First-Person Perspective
Applies *well-formed formulas* (i.e., semantically unambiguous terminal expressions), sourced by a fixed, finite set of terminal symbols and terminal operations. These compose a narrator’s self-conscious narration (often also known as a “stream of consciousness” and is seemingly restricted to output-readability).	Adjoins *proto-formed formulas* (i.e., semantically open-ended or nebulous nonterminal expressions), characterized by the inclusion of a non-fixed, non-finite set of terminal symbols and nonterminal operations. These compose a narrator’s subconscious mentation (which is insensitive to output-readability).
Applies determiners (articles, quantifiers, etc.) as sentential stabilizers and referential specifiers with high frequency.	Minimizes the use of determiners to more closely approximate the immediacy, intricacy, and nebulosity of subconscious expressions.
Applies the most common and general linking verb (“being”) and its conjugations (“am”, “is”, “are”, “was”, “were”, etc.) to express discrete states and continuous actions in a manner which is easily readable and unambiguous. More specific linking verbs (“seems”, “feels”) are applied to capture sensorial and emotional experiences.	Minimizes the use of “being” and its conjugations, either replacing them with colons (which are silent in the mind of a reader or speaker and therefore serve to accelerate “expressive tempo”), ellipses (to signal the smooth passage of time between otherwise abrupt linguistic state-transitions), or other action verbs.
Applies personal and impersonal pronouns as markers of subject repetition or emphasis with high frequency.	Minimizes the use of pronouns, instead favoring common and proper nouns as markers of function or occasion.

Excludes oneiric experiences due to their presumed verbal inexpressibility. The nonterminal mechanics and dynamics dreams are retroactively denatured through linear memory and local perception.	Includes oneiric experiences by appealing to proto-formed variables and formulas whose unstable and incongruous contents serve to approximate the surreal, nonlocal, and nonlinear aspects of dreaming.
Partitions phrases, clauses, and sentences with a high frequency of placeholder words ("it is strange that you dreamt of me") and a high degree of transitional strictness, thereby barring their disruption and subconscious destabilization (except by abrupt termination). This strictness permits unanticipated plot shifts without compromising the smooth flow of prose.	Partitions phrases, clauses, and sentences with a low frequency of placeholder words and a low degree of transitional strictness. So-called "run-on" sentences may be standardly amended through proper punctuation, or nonstandardly through anaphorization and epistrophization (rhetorical repetition), alliteration ("loud laughter"), and stative verb-insertion.
Partitions phrases, clauses, and sentences with a high degree of punctuational strictness through periods and commas.	Partitions phrases, clauses, and sentences with a low degree of punctuational strictness through colons, ellipses, and hyphens.

Being inherent to both colloquial conversation and subconscious mentation, this grammatical relaxation may be interpreted as outright inadmissible by some readers and authors. *And yet it constitutes the most valuable aspect of the generalized first-person perspective.* Consider, for example, the sharp distinction between improvisation and presentation. Speakers and signers engaging in improvisation (open-ended conversation, introspection, and contemplation) are often generating and integrating proto-formed variables and formulas from the "top-down" via nonterminal-to-terminal production; those engaging in structured presentation are instead focused on executing terminal sensorimotor operations in order to cleanly verbalize well-formed formulas from the "bottom-up" via terminal concatenation.[17]

Where terminal expressions are curated or "well-formed" within a local, linear stream of self-consciousness, nonterminal expressions are improvised or "proto-formed" within a nonlocal, nonlinear domain of sub-consciousness. Consider the following plain contradiction: to be fully immersed in a fictional plot, as a first-person narrator, is to be tailoring one's narration to a non-fictional audience. Is this not what output-readability forces on the first-person perspective? By contrast, fully immersing a first-person narrator in a plot requires that one's narration be primarily improvised and sparingly curated. Well-formed formulas which form lucid prose serve to impress and mesmerize readers through fastidiously restricted concatenations of specialized morphemes, specialized lexemes, and specialized morphonemes. Proto-formed formulas, when decoupled from their well-formed counterparts, compose a turbid prose designed to dislocate and overwhelm readers through grammatically relaxed concatenations of generalized morphemes, generalized lexemes, and generalized morphonemes. Together, proto-formed and well-formed formulas compose a *fusional prose*[18] characterized by the ascendingly adaptive integration of its lucid and turbid types. Let it be reiterated that adjoining nonterminal proto-formedness to terminal well-formedness is lossless in the same way that adjoining sub-consciousness to self-consciousness is lossless.[19]

The first distinguishing feature between proto-formed formulas and well-formed formulas is the latter's heavy reliance on *determiners* as sentential stabilizers and referential specifiers. Before establishing that their minimization is more appropriate to subconscious mentation, a brief review is in order. Linguists partition determiners into six classes: (1) articles, (2) demonstratives, (3) possessives, (4) interrogatives, (5) distributive adjectives, and (6) quantifiers. Previously classified as a special type of adjective, determiners now exist as a class of their own, have general syntactic and semantic responsibilities which differ from dialect-to-dialect, and remain an active area of linguistic research. For present purposes, we are purely concerned with their functions as sentential stabilizers and referential specifiers of nouns or noun phrases.

Articles have definite and indefinite forms. Definite articles function as the markers of definite noun phrases, wherein the specific identity of the noun is well-defined or observed (either to the speaker or listener). Dialects of English possess a single definite article:

[17] This explains why improvisers struggle with linear verbalization, while presenters jeopardize their smooth exposition by pursuing higher-order tangents, indulging questions, and noticing other ambient distractions.
[18] "Fusional prose" alternates between lucid and turbid phases based on character, mood, and event with ascendingly adaptive integration. In this introductory attempt at *phenomenological narration*, the alternation is itself emphasized.
[19] Simplistically, (1) the set of proto-formed variables properly includes that of well-formed variables, and (2) the set of proto-formed formulas properly includes that of well-formed formulas.

("Take the ticket.")

("The birds are flying.")

Indefinite articles function as the markers of nouns whose specific identities are either ill-defined or altogether unobserved:

("A ticket is missing.")

("An angel is helping us.")

Proto-formed formulas omit definite articles and minimize indefinite articles in the service of accelerating a narrator's expressive tempo. Both are superfluous to unspoken self-communication for one obvious reason: the self-communicator already knows whether the specific identity of any given noun phrase is well-defined and observed, or ill-defined and unobserved. *Demonstrative* determiners, which are minimally invoked in proto-formed formulas for the same reason, have proximal and distal forms. Proximal demonstratives are markers of nouns or noun phrases which are referentially near the speaker in spatial, temporal, or yet more abstract senses:

("This dog looks rabid.")

("These cakes look delicious.")

("This theory is controversial.")

("These emotions are exhausting.")

Distal demonstratives are markers of nouns or noun phrases which are referentially far from the speaker in similar senses:

("That dog looks rabid.")

("Those cakes look delicious.")

("That theory is controversial.")

("Those emotions are exhausting.")

Both forms take on a comparative function when used in the same sentence or set of sentences, becoming interchangeable:

("This dog looks rabid, but that dog looks calm.")

("These cakes look delicious, but those cakes look rancid.")

("That theory is controversial, but this theory is canonical.")

("Those emotions are exhausting, but these emotions are energizing.")

Demonstrative determiners are either omitted or minimized for the same reason as articles: the nearness or farness of a noun's referent is already known and, accordingly, explicitly verbalizing it works to decelerate expressive tempo. Since possessive determiners, being markers of a noun's definite possession of, belonging to, or identification with another noun or noun phrase, also have this decelerative effect, they, too, are omitted or minimized from phenomenological narration:

("Whose cup is this?")

("Their marriage is healthy.")

("Your training is underway.")

("My business partner agrees with you.")

Interrogative determiners are used to form questions:

("What are you doing?")

("Which comet did you observe?")

("Why are you choosing that method?")

("How were the laws of celestial mechanics derived?")

Distributive adjectives are used form references regarding individuals or groups:

("Any player can be substituted.")

("Both of those teams are formidable.")

("Each of those players is highly skilled.")

("Every team in the tournament is admirable.")

Quantifiers are markers of generic quantities:

("All entities are identities.")

("No identity is non-ontological.")

("Some identities are incarnate as cells.")

("Few identities consistently express wise love.")

Appropriately enough, proto-formed formulas also omit or minimize the use of interrogative, distributive, and quantitative determiners, their syntactic and semantic functions being known to self-communicators. We remind readers that since subconscious narration is largely nonverbal, proto-formed formulas can only verbally approximate and stimulate broader nonverbal expressions of action, perception, intention, emotion, and other qualitative operations. The omission of the determiner least needed for phenomenological narration, English's single definite article ("the"), is painlessly possible through so-called zero-marking, i.e. replacing it with plural (discrete) nouns or mass (continuous) nouns without compromising semantic compatibility (∝):

("The trees are not immune to disease." ∝ "Trees are not immune to disease.")

("The bravery is undervalued." ∝ "Bravery is undervalued.")

In the case of the generic mass noun "bravery", inserting "the" without inserting a disambiguating prepositional phrase compromises the semantic compatibility of the sentence:

("The bravery ~~(of the squadron)~~ is undervalued.")

("The sadness ~~(in the room)~~ is truly unmistakable.")

Authentically approximating, or capturing the verbal traces of, subconscious mentation further mandates that the most common linking verb ("being") and its conjugations be replaced with a silent colon, ellipsis, or other progressively-tensed action verbs (again, without compromising semantic interpretability and compatibility):

("The bravery ~~(of the squadron)~~ is undervalued." ∝ "Bravery: undervalued.")

("The sadness ~~(in the room)~~ is truly unmistakable." ∝ "Sadness reverberating.")

These simple conversions are from well-formed to proto-formed. In the first example, not only does the replacement of the linking verb with a silent colon automatically accelerate the expressive tempo, it enriches semantic versatility in the bargain. In the second example, the elimination of the direct object yields the same benefit.

Before proceeding to survey slightly more complex proto-formed formulas, consider another trivial example of a well-formed formula:

("These trees are diseased.")

Now, observe its trivial conversion to a semantically compatible proto-formed formula:

("These trees are diseased." ∝ "Diseased trees.")

Taken as a speech act, this conversion is syntactically fragmented and, without added context, semantically ambiguous. Is disease an inevitable feature of trees which is being emphasized ("It is inevitable for trees to become diseased.")? Did the trees become afflicted with a disease after an adverse weather event to which only the narrator is privy ("The trees became diseased when they were exposed to *this* winter's excessive snow and frost")? Taken as an instance of subconscious mentation, this proto-formed formula is semantically compatible with these and other well-formed extensions:

("Diseased trees." ∝ "These ~~(specific)~~ trees are diseased.")

("Diseased trees." ∝ "It is inevitable for ~~(aged)~~ trees to become diseased.")

("Diseased trees." ∝ "Trees ~~(in general)~~ often become diseased when exposed to excessive frost.")

("Diseased trees." ∝ "These ~~(specific)~~ trees are causing humans to experience certain allergen-induced ailments.")

Although, in the first example, "these" (proximal demonstrative determiner) and "are" (linking verb) serve to disambiguate its semantic interpretation in the course of speaker-to-speaker or signer-to-signer communication, they are unnecessary in the course of self-communication. Bearing in mind that semantic versatility is a property of self-communication, especially with respect to its finer or subtler qualities, consider three other trivial examples:

("Cup clinking teeth." ∝ "~~This~~ cup ~~is~~ clinking ~~my~~ teeth.")

("Dusk invading apartment." ∝ "Dusk ~~is~~ invading ~~this~~ apartment.")

("Dogs enjoying walking." ∝ "~~The~~ dogs ~~are~~ enjoying ~~their~~ walk.")

Stative verbs and articles ease external communicability (arising from terminal well-formedness), but their omission and minimization accelerate self-communicability and perceivability, ultimately forming a foundation for rigorously studying and reliably testing "verbal telepathy" (arising from nonterminal proto-formedness).

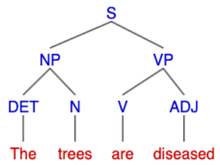
It is at this stage that nonterminal and terminal symbols may be more technically distinguished. So far, we have been working with extremely rough definitions: (1) terminal symbols are what speakers hear and signers see, and (2) nonterminal symbols are what speakers and signers use to lexically parse and grammatically categorize what they see and hear. Terminal symbols broadly include alphabetic elements ("a, b, c, d, e, f") and concatenated elements (syllables, words, hyphenations). Nonterminal symbols represent *word classes* (noun (N), verb (V), adjective (ADJ), adverb (ADV), determiner (DET), preposition (PREP), pronoun (PRON), conjunction (CONJ), and interjection (IN-

TERJ) and *phrase classes* (noun phrase (NP), verb phrase (VP), adjective phrase (AP), adverb phrase (AdvP), and prepositional phrase (PP)), functioning as lexical and grammatical categories.

A *generative grammar*, also known as an abstract rewriting system, is a 4-tuple (N, T, P, μ) composed of (1) a finite set N of *nonterminal symbols* (representing grammatical and lexical categories), (2) a finite nonempty set T of *terminal symbols* (representing the total alphabet), (3) a finite set of *production rules* (representing valid nonterminal substitutions $(x, y) = x \Rightarrow y$ and valid terminal concatenations $x \circledast y = xy$), and (4) a distinguished symbol μ native to N, termed the *start symbol*, which, doubling as the formal identity of the language being generated and sequenced, spans every nonterminal form and terminal string therein. Grammatical implementation is largely regarded as a deductive or self-substitutive process, initializing with μ, proceeding to more and more granular terminal strings, sentences, or well-formed formulas $(\mu_1, \mu_2, \mu_3, \ldots, \mu_n)$, and thereby complexifying the outputted language. Ostensibly, N and T are disjoint sets $(N \cap T = 0)$, and language users generate novel sentences by applying production rules to both the alphabet and its extended *lexicon* (whose surface elements are morphemes and lexemes).

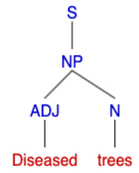
A few tangential remarks merit attention. First, where T consists of terminally-irreducible bits, symbols, phonemes, or gestured signs, the lexicon extends the production rules of the generative grammar into behavioral, sensorial, memorial, intentional, ideational, and emotional operations, and thus consists not only of morphemes and lexemes but of phenomenologically-irreducible classes of acts, senses, memories, intents, ideas, and moods. This, in turn, greatly extends the purview of N from classes of words and phrases to those of acts, senses, memories, intents, ideas, and moods. Second, although the compiled sets of nonterminal symbols, terminal symbols, production rules, and terminal strings (well-formed formulas) are finite from the specialized perspective of their signature's terminal domain, they may be also considered countably infinite from the generalized perspective of their signature's nonterminal domain.[20] Third, where the meaning of a "terminal symbol" is relaxed to that of an "observable state", the meaning of a "terminal string" is relaxed to that of a "temporal sequence of observable states". Fourth, where the initial meta-scientific operation of "sensorial or instrumental observation" is relaxed to that of "sequence concatenation", and where the initial meta-mathematical operation of "axiomatization" is relaxed to that of "property production", it becomes possible to jointly quantize the scientific and axiomatic methods into what may be provisionally termed the *syntactic method*.

Terminal symbols are precisely those which compose the words, phrases, clauses, and sentences transmitted between formal or natural language users. Nonterminal symbols are the phrase markers of bracketed expressions or *parse trees*, these being partitioned into dependency-based and constituency-based diagrams. Taking the previous example ("The trees are diseased.") yields a simple constituency-based parse tree:

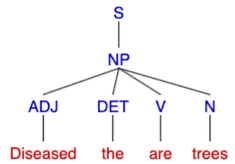


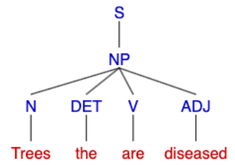
The blue and red color-coding respectively designate nonterminal and terminal symbols. Where S denotes "sentence", NP denotes "noun phrase", VP denotes "verb phrase", DET denotes "determiner", N denotes "noun", V denotes "verb", and ADJ denotes "adjective", the nonterminal symbol "sentence" is the single *root* node, the other nonterminal symbols are *branch* nodes, and the terminal symbols undergoing string concatenation are the *leaf* nodes of the parse tree. Note that linguists use consistency-based parse trees to easily visualize the surface-level syntactic structure of sentences; such diagrams are not, as are dependency-based parse trees, useful for explaining why terminal re-arrangements (e.g., "Diseased the are trees"; "Trees the are diseased") are syntactically ill-formed. There are systems of linguistic notation which deploy different diagrams in addition to phrase-bracketed sets or trees. However, since all parse trees begin with sentential outputs[21] and proceed to either statistically or mechanically reconstruct their grammatical generation from the bottom-up, they can mislead one to conclude that the syntax of natural language is truly insular, rather than ambiently sensitive to lower-order|higher-order (finer|denser) qualia. The key takeaway: while nonterminal symbols serve to stabilize and categorize the various functions of terminal symbols, terminal strings serve to stably instantiate and communicate nonterminal qualitative expressions of action, sensation, attention, intention, ideation, and emotion.

Where the above parse tree represents a simple well-formed formula, the following represents a proto-formed formula with (as mentioned) multiple compatible semantic interpretations:



But why is this not an *ill*-formed formula? Although a single noun phrase (NP) is insufficient to constitute a well-formed formula, it is nevertheless a valid constituent. By contrast, the following are ill-formed formulas in that their syntactic arrangements are plainly invalid:





Technically, a proto-formed formula is composed of a single or multiple nonterminal constituents (NP, VP, etc.) of a well-formed formula which are validly concatenated without (1) misplacing or (2) unnecessarily inserting punctuations, determiners, pronouns, or linking verbs (especially conjugations of the most common one: "being"). Avoiding (1) is very easy for mature language users, being part and parcel of speaker-to-speaker or signer-to-signer communication. But since avoiding (2) without muzzling or putrefying the final product is extremely difficult, by no means do we pretend to excel at the use of proto-formed variables and formulas to grammatically generalize the first-person perspective. *Respawn* is no more than an introductory attempt to verbally approximate subconscious mentation through phenomenological narration.

[20] This note, which has extensive metaphysical implications, is properly treated in the sequel to *Respawn*, titled *Concurrence*.

[21] Indeed, the near entirety of theoretical and experimental research in linguistics begins with sentential outputs (terminal strings, well-formed formulas) and proceeds to reconstruct, either by mechanical or statistical methods, their grammatical generation therefrom. As many theorists and experimentalists have noted, this "bottom-up" approach is limiting and misleading in a variety of ways which, while certainty interesting, lie outside of our current purview.

To "unnecessarily" insert punctuations, determiners, linking verbs, and placeholder words is to insert them "beyond what is necessary for self-communication and subconscious mentation". This definition cannot be standardly formalized due to the well-recognized fact that different language users primarily rely on different methods of mentation (listed in order of ascending generality): (1) verbalization, (2) visualization, (3) conceptualization, and (4) emotionalization. Primarily verbal thinkers generate, integrate, and calibrate phrases and sentences via internal dictation in response to relevant data streams; primarily visual thinkers generate, integrate, and calibrate images and videos via internal perception or diagram-formation in response to relevant data streams; primarily conceptual thinkers generate, integrate, and calibrate models and theories via internal deduction or induction in response to relevant data streams; primarily emotional thinkers generate, integrate, and calibrate valences and situations via internal intuition or volition in response to relevant data streams. Matters are further complicated by the less well-recognized fact that (1) phrases and sentences, (2) images and videos, (3) models and theories, and (4) valences and situations are defined, described, and interpreted under mutual recursion. For example, to induce or deduce a model, one must be motivated by positive or negative emotions regarding the process or product of modeling; to develop a model in precise detail, one must visualize or diagrammatically solidify it; to share a model, one must verbalize its motivational, conceptual, and visual aspects to other language users.[22]

Proto-formed formulas span all of these methods, inducing on each a "metalanguage-level syntax" that reveals the syntax of natural language, while sufficiently general to cover all human disciplines, to be none other than a linear-communication-specialized sub-syntax which interoperates with emotional, conceptual, and visual sub-syntaxes. Just as "the most challenging theoretical problem in linguistics is that of discovering the principles of 'universal grammar' that interweave with the rules of particular grammars to provide explanations for phenomena that appear arbitrary and chaotic,"[23] the most challenging theoretical problem in metamathematics is that of truly universalizing the grammar of the human mind to cover the full range of human-recognizable elements, relations, and operations, whether verbal, visual, conceptual, emotional, or behavioral.

In a literary context, proto-formed variables and formulas are composed of and limited to phonemes, morphemes, morphonemes, lexemes, phrasemes, and pragmatemes.[24] They may, however, be composed of purely mathematical units. Take a simple arithmetic sequence:

$$\sigma_{n\to\infty} = \sigma_1 + (n-1)$$

It denotes an abstract relation yet, given its object-level status, is handily annotated as a terminal expression: its elemental (σ, n, d, ∞, 1), relational ($=$), and operational ($\to$, $+$) symbols are instances of terminal symbols. Synonymously, a geometric series is an object-level, terminally-expressed structure; it, too, denotes an abstract relation yet, like the first example, is handily annotated as a terminal expression within a given formal language. The object-level goal of presenting clean theorems and their corresponding proofs creates a bizarre impasse: pure mathematics remains relatively indifferent to its limiting metalanguage ("metamathematics") to the exact extent that it can continue generating and reappropriating new elements, relations, definitions, conjectures, theorems, and proofs on the object-level of discourse; metamathematics remains drastically unfulfilled given its non-limiting ("non-self-generating") appeal to self-reference.[25]

Even if all the terminal symbols, terminal operations, and terminal expressions of all possible formal languages were annotated as nonterminal symbols, this would be, without the advent of *self-dual notation*, a mere relapse to the tradition of annotating mathematical structures in the terminal notation of natural language. The arithmetic sequence would, in this case, roughly read:

"The *n*-th or final term of the sequence, in the (countably infinite) limit of natural numbers, is the sum of the initial term and the differential product of the value of the *n*-th term, minus the unit."

Note that since this expression is definitionally incomplete (what is a "term" (N: noun), "sequence" (N), "limit" (N), "sum" (N), "product" (N), "value" (N), "unit" (N), "final" (ADJ), "initial" (ADJ), "differential" (ADJ), "countability" (ADJ), "minus" (V), and what are their rules of constituency and conjugacy?), mathematicians have long departed from the tradition of nominating the sentential outputs of natural language as the most efficient and crystalline form of mathematical notation.[26] The three primary nonterminal symbols (element, relation, and operation) of mathematization and linguistic expression (itself, once again, constituting a qualitatively-generalized form of mathematization), along with the cornucopia of quantitatively-specialized constituents (members, numbers, variables, parameters, sets, functions, operators, spaces, axioms, rules, lemmas, theorems, proofs, etc.), are left unannotated. This historically-sensitive convention may cause us to conveniently forget that mathematical notation, whether numeric, algebraic, geometric, or linguistic, arose with, regresses to, and is accordingly no more than a convenient compactification of metalinguistic[27] definitions, descriptions, and interpretations. May we also not neglect to recognize that shackling the abstractions of pure mathematics to formal-terminal expressions, whether digitized, algebraized, geometrized, or verbalized, amounts to demoting these very abstractions to a "fictional but useful status"[28] and, in turn, creating a near-irresistible mirage: "there is no 'nonterminal domain'."

The specialized version of the first-person perspective relies on a high degree of transitional and punctuational strictness in order to syntactically decelerate and semantically disambiguate terminal expressions.

("One person claimed absolute sovereignty. This caused a complex mixture of sycophancy, instability, and rebellion, which are difficult to resolve without appearing noncommittal or overly polarized.")

Compare this well-formed example to its coherently retracted or proto-formed version, which eliminates its transitional determiner ("which"), demonstrative determiner ("this"), and decelerative punctuation marks:

"(One person claims absolute sovereignty[-] ([~~This~~] causes a complex mixture of sycophancy, instability, and rebellion [~~which,~~] are difficult to resolve without appearing noncommittal or overly polarized).")

Of course, because language users are so deeply accustomed to invoking decelerative devices such as transition words, placeholder words, linking verbs, and punctuation marks, this revised version sounds somewhat awkward when spoken aloud. Yet were it to be generated within, say, a shower-facilitated spell of contemplation, primarily visual, conceptual, and emotional thinkers would find such devices unnecessary and to some extent already absent from their thoughts. Even primarily verbal thinkers, upon being prompted to exercise their visual, conceptual, and emotional sub-syntaxes, would quickly find such devices unnecessary or absent. Letting tone and tempo, rather than terminal well-formedness, dictate language use helps to ever-so-gradually relax any resistance to the use of nonterminal proto-formedness.[29]

Another key literary distinction between well-formed and proto-formed formulas is the latter's respective replacement of periods and commas, which serve a decelerative purpose, with ellipses and colons, which serve an accelerative purpose.

("Approaching…good: here we go.")

("Twilight descending…uh-oh, yup: quittin' time!")

("Diseased trees: good…no more horizon obstruction…soon…soon.")

Hyphens are applied to a string of progressively-tensed verbs when emphasizing their rapid succession or synonymy:

("Face pulsing-verging-purging, hah: like last night.")

("Children pointing-climbing-swinging-entertaining yourselves: excellent.")

[22] One may replace "model" with "phrase", "image", or "valence" to glimpse their mutual recursion.
[23] Noam Chomsky, *Language and Mind*. Cambridge University Press, 2006: p. 42.
[24] Proto-formed formulas are being expressed and extensively developed through musical, photographical, cinematographical, and other artistic media. *Respawn* is merely following in the methodological footsteps of these media.
[25] This impasse can only be resolved through the novel unification of the theories of metalanguages and metaphysics through metamathematics.
[26] Remember that insofar as natural language is a "qualitatively generalized" kind of mathematical language (possessing its own terminal symbols, terminal operations, terminal axioms, etc.), its terminal expressions constitute a qualitatively generalized kind of mathematical notation.
[27] I.e., "formulated within the metalanguage of numeric, algebraic, geometric, and linguistic systems".
[28] I.e., in the vein of "nominalism".
[29] The most readily available applications of nonterminal proto-formedness lie in speech, prose, verse, comedy, musical lyrics, athletic commentary, promotional messaging, and recreational conversing.

Apart from their low degree of punctuational strictness, proto-formed formulas invoke the devices of anaphora, epistrophe, alliteration, assonance, and stative verb-insertion:

("Diseased trees [~~make~~] (trimming ~~become~~[~~s~~][30] easy, good: soon-to-be-gone).")

("Children playing [~~by~~] pointing [,] climbing [,] swinging [~~and generally~~] entertaining positive emotions [~~which~~] ([~~are~~] healthy for development: highly desired).")

The parentheses and redactions are "training wheels" used to emphasize the nested phrasing, and may be removed to emphasize the nonstandard transitioning:

("Diseased trees…trimming: easy, good: soon-to-be-gone.")

("Just ejected from nozzle drumming-up stream heating organism: suicidal…in-denial.")

("Children playing…pointing…climbing…entertaining positive emotions: healthy for development: highly desired.")

To reiterate for a final time, freeing sentential products from unnecessary insertions of determiners, pronouns, linking verbs, standard transitional phrases, and decelerative punctuation marks is, given the syntax-relative definition of unnecessary[31], extremely difficult. Accordingly, *Respawn* is a set of "training wheels" in its own right.

Typographical Relaxation	
Specialized First-Person Perspective	Generalized First-Person Perspective
Applies a constant typeface, regardless of changes in tone, tempo, pitch, stress, and character.	Adjoins multiple typefaces according to changes in tone, tempo, pitch, stress, and character.
Partitions paragraphs with a high degree of strictness.	Partitions paragraphs with a low degree of strictness.
Partitions chapters with a high degree of strictness, characterized by "nonlinear jumps" in time.	Partitions chapters ("phases") with a low degree of strictness, characterized by linear time intervals.

Typographical relaxation is the least invasive component of the grammatical generalization of the first-person perspective. Of particular note is its partitioning of chapters with a low degree of strictness. In self-conscious narration, chapters are often used to mark a nonlinear jump in order to (1) exclude plot-irrelevant events or (2) extend the plot into multiple weeks, months, or years without requiring thousands of pages. *Respawn* replaces chapters with phases, these serving to mark transitions in mood, tempo, and theme while preserving the linear state-transitions of a character's terminal body. Including even the most mundane bodily events requires a one-day timespan to exceed one-hundred pages.

[30] [s] is a suffix insertion.
[31] ...which is itself motivation-sensitive.

Executive Summary

To verbally[32] approximate subconscious narration, the generalized first-person perspective requires nontrivial morphological, grammatical, and typographical relaxations. Their key features are summarized as follows:

- Adjunction of generalized ("weakly lexicalized") morphonemes to specialized ("strongly lexicalized") morphonemes.
- Adjunction of generalized morphemes (defined by contracted, expanded, hyphenated, or otherwise accentuated spelling) to specialized morphemes.
- Adjunction of generalized lexemes (yielded by application of the full range of inflectional and formational productions) to specialized lexemes.
- Minimization of determiners, especially definite and indefinite articles.
- Minimization of linking verbs, especially "being" and its conjugations.
- Minimization and replacement of commas and periods with ellipses, colons, and hyphens.
- Variation of typefaces according to changes in tone, tempo, pitch, stress, and character.
- Non-strict partitioning of phrases, clauses, and sentences.
- Non-strict partitioning of chapters through phases.

[32] See footnote 5.

Respawn

Book 1. Respawn
Book 2. Concurrence

Phases

- Respawn (25)
- Electric Orange Mourning (25)
- Composers Converse (26)
- Organismic Deactivation (29)
- Cryptic Trance (29)
- Vicinity and Vicarity (32)
- Carnal Care (33)
- Ballast Point (36)
- Neighborhood Meditation (40)
- Hungover Breakfast (47)
- Happenstance Shaman (48)
- Hints from Inanimates (50)
- Private Gratification (52)
- Alcoholic Nostalgia (53)
- Visceral Breach (58)
- Emotional Tempo (60)
- Spaces and Rooms (64)
- Henri's Reverie (67)
- Racing Terror (69)
- Pacific Traffic (75)
- Park Deluxe (79)
- Stalemate (89)
- Twilit Meadow (89)
- Inanimacy (92)
- Atrophy (97)
- Dark Auditorium (100)
- Pastelería Irene (103)
- Soothe (107)
- Lift (119)
- Brink (121)
- Purge (127)

- Carefree (129)
- The Dims (130)
- Manic Bath (131)
- Glaze the Craze (134)
- Brimming, Dimming (139)
- In Memoriam (141)
- Blip (146)
- Nowhere Noon (155)
- Elementary Grades (156)
- Intermediate Grades (159)
- Lost Relics (161)
- Aberration (163)
- El Cuarto Viejo (164)
- Concurrence (165)

Respawn

Respawn…frommm…mmm…yummm…such lovely, yes: there it is: neutral night… mmm…melting-middle-backseat…eternal driverless jeep: riding on…on…on…on… on…on…on…on…on…until…respawn.

Perishable vehicle: reactivated…until, hah: permanently neutralized.

“Ma”…“hah.”
“Pa”…“hah.”
“Ya”…“hah.”

“Gone upon respawn.”

“Hahhh”…“*hhhhh*”…“yeah: not a ghost.”
“Just a bodily *murmur…mmmmm…mur…murmur*.”

“Sir? Do you find yourself…inapt?”

“Oh, wanna go ghostly?”
“Cool: go gulp a yogurt.”
“Gonna spurt your pointless yogurt all over the floor…later? Sure!”

Blanket-bed…already dead: surrounded by more inanimates. Body walks away: inanimates stay. Not going anywhere? Huh? Always just…ontic? Huh? Surrounded by no more than…“draaaab aaaantics” of inanimates?

Electric Orange Mourning

“Hi, good mourning.”
“Hi, I feel amazing!”

Later: blazing-n-dazing. “Yum-Yum Donuts!”

Sun-glaze. You care? Hah: why else gravitize-n-electromagnetize, right sunny? “Is it Sun-dee? Mon-dee? Tues-dee? When’s-the-dee? No more fam-il-ee.”

Enough. Learn from sunny's pleasant electric orange mourning. How bout some fun? How-bout-a-gun-stun, son!? I'll-gun-ya-good. Easily! Easily! Gunned: gone. No more respawn! "Hahaha!" "Where's the gunny?" Seriously. Where's the gun, son? Need one? Body talks-talks…"talks"…abdomen folding-forming plank poising pillowed elbows.

Time for a correct statement. Ready? Begin.

"Vehicle remains viable."

Nice: now tuck your pecker under pelvic girdle, like goodie-boy Gödel waltzing around his little office! Hey, Gödel. How about some grits for breakfist? No thanks, saving myself for some stronger poison.

Vehicle walking…waddling, uh-oh: gotta plop…while listening to Morty-n-Cagey converse.

Composers Converse

July 9, 1966: New York City.

(Morty Feldman): John? I feel that what's happening is that we're continually being intruded upon.

(John Cagey): *And that would make us very unhappy, hm?*

Or we surrender to it, and call it culture.
Call it culture?
Or whatever.
Give me an example: what…what would be an intrusion on your life, for instance, that you would call culture?
Well, this weekend I was on the beach…
Yes…
And on the beach these days there are transistor radios…
Yes…
Blaring out rock n' roll…
Yes…
All over…
Yes…and you didn't enjoy it?

"Booooriiiing: bypass…31:34."

(Morty): Unfortunately, with permissiveness there usually comes a very quick type of boredom.

Boredom is not so bad! And not really boring, you know. People are constantly complaining… almost everyday somebody tells me that…things are boring. Things aren't boring. Our music isn't boring.

It's just that the people manage, somehow, with these things they say are boring…not to ***get with them****. Once they get with them, boredom is the last thing that enters their minds.*

But then, who can speak of boredom these days, really? Who has his eyes or ears in the least little bit open?

The only one who can speak of boredom is the one who isn't really paying attention to…to… ***what's happening****.*

Body back…bathroom "happening"…"hahahahah"…"fucking worthless"…yeah-yeah-yeah…brown pecker already pierced…streamed…bubbled ta-ta-taw-TAWLET-pool: ammonic pond.

"Took a LAWGE dump in the TAWLET, did ya?"

Mirrored: here he is…fever-face…larval torso…slinky legs. Hey hunchy, your long neck is already way too drooped, yeah: skulker roaming around apricot arena lighting. Exhale gaping throat…"*hhh*"…"*hhh*"…"*hhhuhhh*"…yup: rancid breath…brush teeth…flush pissed shit first. Goodbye, bathroom…skulker hittin kitchen brings…

…refrigerated apple juice from "7-Eleven". Get cup…yup. Set-it-up, yup: uncap quart, yup: pouring…yup: floor glosser suppressing rancid breath really reeks good grief!

Tongue heavy-caked…filmed with leftover food-stuff, fungi-stuff, bacteria-stuff. "Buncha funfetti." Teeth filmed too…plaqued…are fine. Teeth: zero worries. No cracks. No cavities. No abscesses. No gum disease. No malocclusions. No need for fillings, grafts, root canals, extractions, implants…whatever. Won't need em, William!

Only 7 days after arrival…already secured (1) sleeping room (2) bathing room.

Time to…yup: go totally sensory. Hey, body: SNAP-BACK-TO-REALITY…good…good: BODY REACTIVATED…sensorium roaming-ing-ing…bright-but-mellow banana-colored panorama: inanimate apartment…nothing other than "inanimate ambience". Furnishing includes structural-functional inanimates: blanket-bed, suitcases, table-desk, twin high chairs, plastic cups leftover from previous roamers. That's that. Huffed a fat din last night, bathed in peace, oh yeah…purchased you…dumb yellow rug…right after cross-country plane ride: midnight departure…dawn arrival. When's the final departure, sir? You mean…

"Permanent deactivation?"

Back at desk: “Being and Time”…oh, mudman…you troubled mudman…“tombed mudman”…trying to teleport into future rooms…roamers reading your arid stanzas: force-feeding muddy maxims…somehow totalizing…why else keep at it, Bob Cratchit? Trudgers: tired trekkers…roaming around breezy dunes…whiffing fumes, yup: linguistic deformities are tempting to frisbee your silly little book CLEAN-OUT-THE-WINDOW.

Ordinarities awaiting. Yes, Yana, I remember: ordinary activities are the most magical.

“HEY YOU!” Biped mirrored: examining “your own vitreous pupils” dilate…lashes batting moisture…thumb-index couple-to-clamp-beefy-nose…okay? Pointless moment.

Peripheral traffic simply unaware of…lanky brown anonymous man…near distance…watching over you! Little roamers: look at em halting at the stoplight…yell at em.

“HEY YOU! GET OVER HERE!”

Op: one turned…zoom…gone! Gone! Goners! Good! Carsick roamers, coasters, crashers, brief-blinkers, weavers, laggers, thinkers, callers, laughers, actors, stressors, gulpers, criers, venters, smokers, blazers, chasers, ragers, finessers, snoozers. Pedestrians clothed-cooperating with ambient vehicular brigade…as you should!

Anonymous man: glaring at…municipal meadow…inanimate 3rd floor studio…preparing for final departure: permanent deactivation.

Anonymous apartment: two mini windows…one parses freeway…one peers into apartment complex…not so anonymous to nutty landlord: better not pop-by in the next coupla days.

“You’ll be quite surprised, sir.”

Picking forehead till florid…mmmm…palming window pane, good: show me your spotty palms…twitchy fingers. More pointless moments: stalling…stalling. Reading: stalling. Writing: stalling. Talking: stalling. Thinking: stalling.

And yet…“hahahah”…“here he goes again”…writing…writing…writhing.

October 15, 2026

8:12 am.

Now I am beginning to understand what a ghost experiences.

Organismic Deactivation

(Martin): *Do you strictly distinguish creation from cessation?*

(Ghost): Nes.

> Breaking News! A hit-and-run occurred this morning, at about 9:40 am, in downtown on Broadway Ave. An older gentleman named *Merlin Sedál*… was abruptly run-over by a high-speeding driver. Merlin, a defense attorney, was crossing the street on his way to criminal court for the second day of trial. The driver fled the crash before the vehicle could be identified. All that witnesses could corroborate was that the driver was a male who was verging on 65 mph in a 35-mph zone. When paramedics arrived, Merlin’s injuries were identified as fatal, and he was pronounced dead at the crash-scene, at about 10:00 am. Sorry. I need to say this…what an absolute abomination. Who are you…driving that car? Why were you recklessly endangering innocent lives? Why did you flee? I’m sorry. Please, be careful everybody. That’s all from me. Back to you, Susan.

(Ghost): *A pedestrian named Merlín Sedál was crossing casually toward court before being near-instantly eviscerated by a wayward conductor, now guilty of committing criminally negligent vehicular manslaughter. And? And?*

Relinquish this powerless vengeance. You want to rid yourself of this disease? Hah! ***The plain facts are these****:*

Date: *September 25, 2026.*
Location: *Broadway Street, Downtown San Diego.*
Cause: *Fatal vehicular collision.*

Organismic Deactivation: *the functional termination of one or more biological subsystems required for global viability.*

Two weeks ago, a human organism deeply dear to this inscriber perished under a city tree by bleeding-out into a curb puddle.

Cryptic Trance

(Martin): *Is organismic deactivation not, in turn, a re-potentialization?*

(Ghost): No. Deactivation is de-potentialization.

(Martin): *You misunderstand.*

(Ghost): If any vital biological subsystem fails, the organism's experience ceases. Potentialization characterizes gestation and subsequent development.

(Ludwig, interrupting): You bores!

(Martin): *This inscriber, under the guise of a ghost, contemplates organismic deactivation in the event that living and dying are an ordered pair, not an unordered pair or set. If they are unordered, he observes the corollary: an immaterial domain exists in which living and dying are unordered. Deactivation, if this is true, is at once a material redaction and an immaterial retraction. Incarnations proceed through material embodiment, while discarnations distribute through immaterial embodiment.*

(Ghost): This question will soon be deciphered, in this very apartment.

(Ludwig): You wish to be carefree?

(Ghost): When one no longer cares yet nevertheless lives, the specific method of achieving freedom from care is irrelevant.

(Martin): *You are care...in a material sense which you negatively totalize. You are free...in an immaterial sense which you misunderstand.*

(Ghost): Please explain my misunderstanding in plain language.

(Martin): *How convenient. I may do so only obliquely.*

To children, space is room...time is primordial.

(Ghost): And?

(Martin): *Where being <u>becomes</u>* or, *to use more scientific language, <u>transforms its states</u>, space is static and time is catalytic...forever split. Where being <u>is</u> and therefore everywhere self-refers, every split corresponds to a fusion. Which do you choose?*

(Ludwig): If a question can be expressed, it can also be answered.

(Martin): *Excellent, Mister Witt! Please! Continue with your answer. Bathe our doubts with potent detergent!*

(Ludwig) Fine! The question, "What is?", devolves to the joint study of the physical notation and mental transformation.

(Martin): *If so, our material bodies are notational, and our immaterial minds are transformational.*

(Ludwig): Correct.

(Ghost): What about souls?

(Martin): *The body is care...working through states. The mind is free...working through transformations. The spirit or soul is carefree.*

(Ludwig): Hah!

(Martin): *Can you understand that your body's composition is notational?*

(Ghost): No.

(Ludwig): As expected!

(Martin): *Yes, the simplest step is the trickiest conundrum.*

(Continuing, addressing Ludwig): *Do you concur?*

(Ghost): Oh, Luddy. Were you lowly, or lucky?

(Continuing): Well, goodbye.

(Martin): *No matter. We continue.*

*Children work to **<u>synergize</u>** their <u>bodies</u> and their <u>activities</u>. Their bodies <u>are</u> their activities.*
*Adolescents work to **<u>dualize</u>** their bodies into <u>physiques</u> and their activities into <u>psyches</u>.*
*Adults work to **<u>pluralize</u>** their physiques into outfitted <u>personas</u> and their psyches into fixed <u>personalities</u>.*

(After pausing): *My philosophical downfall is plain. I wrote and addressed Being and Time – indeed, the entirety of my petty lectures and torturous written works – to adults!* ***<u>Children and adolescents would have undertaken the windy, steep trail of primordially-temporalizing their sensorium with far more fervor</u>.***

Yes, right now, an inscriber is seated and wristing these squiggles in my name. Is this also folly? From this very word onward, I address adolescents. It is you who can most effectively demonstrate primordial time to submerged children and sharpened adults.

*If **Being and Time** were specifically addressed to adolescents, the following outline of **primordial time** would have been appropriate:*

*1. Presence: the radiance of the spirit gives way to a **symphony**.*
*2. Past: the resonance of the body gives way to a **symptomology**.*
*3. Futurity: the prescience of the mind gives way to a **symbology**.*

(Ghost): Is the following correspondence also appropriate?
1. Children: the presently-entangled radiance of the **spirit** gives way to a symphony.
2. Adolescents: the pastwardly-attuned resonance of the **body** gives way to a symptomology.
3. Adults: futurally-distributed prescience of the **mind** gives way to a symbology.

(Martin): *Yes. Adults, terming themselves supervisors and employers, watch children immerse themselves in playground antics and future-free games **without the slightest grasp** of the mechanical, biochemical, cytological, histological, organological, physiological, and psychological modularization involved in the most ordinary activities: clutching a cup, twisting sticks, throwing rocks, stomping on the ground, riding the swings, peering over the fence, launching paper airplanes, stuffing sweaty palms in coarse cloth pockets.*

Vicinity and Vicarity

(Martin): *In order to primordialize, one must, first, peculiarize the most ordinary activities.*

(Ghost): Paranormalize ordinarities, you mean.

(Martin): *Excellent. Let this vicinity become vicarious.*

(Ghost): How?

(Martin): *Melt your mental dominion into sensorial pandemonium. Visceralize your vicinity into sheer vicarity. Breathe...* "Yes, mmhhhhhhhh...*hhhh*aaaah"*. Attune to your ambient room. Are you forever distinct, or one?*

Oh? Still resisting vicarity? Hah! In attempting to carefully stage a full-body aberration, you are demanding that readers rehydrate with their own saliva.

(Ghost): What is *primordial time*?

(Martin): *Do you encounter a tree as (1) a variously-useful botanical entity or (2) a redundant street-side ordinarity?*

(Ghost): The choices provided are not exhaustive.

(Martin): *Supply the unspoken choice.*

(Ghost): You are excluding the tree as (3) an unanointed being: raw quale.

(Martin): *Please proceed with your roaming.*

Carnal Care

10:01 am.

"Right this very moment...something totally new is brewing. You ready?" Yes: return to your ballast point: twilit coastal desert trails...sandy lake shore smudging...swishing... absorbing lone runner's rhythmic cadence.

"Is the past stalking you around again, sir?"

"Nes. The past is the netherworld of the dead."

"And what are the dead, sir?"

"Organismically deactivated bodies: inanimates. No more antics coming from em, ever! Corpses which grievers (a) adorn and bury, (b) incinerate and disperse, or (c) donate for medical examination or transplantation. What else? That's that."

"Are inanimates carefree, sir?"

"Where 'being carefree' is synonymous with 'non-experience', obviously."

The dead: delicate embers nestling into flaky kindling...smoking...sparking...flaming... ramifying into fiery sky.

Tasks: require trance.
Moods: merit meditation.

Time to fuse you two into "meditative trance".

“Can this method of meditative trance enhance your otherwise flimsy writing, sir?”

“Hahahaha!!!” Again…again…again…responding with fingering silly little inscriptions: phony phenomenologist inscribing-ing-ing-ing-ing…letters…words… phrases… sentences…paragraphs…chapters…treatises.

“Hahahahah”…“hahahahahahahah”…“mmm”…“ff”…“ff”…“ff”…“ffffucking idiocy.”

“Yup. Time to go *nuttier* than Luddy’s trance and *muddier* than Marty’s meditation.”

“Yuuuuuuuuup!”

“Huh? You hammer your stubby thumb? You snip your nose with wood clippers? How bouta furniture crash with your twinkle toes? Not feeling too lovely? Uh-oh. Mood ain’t too lovely, eh.”

“Hey desk, do you care about this pesky scribe sitting here for an hour…wristing a pencil?”

What else? Gonna harm your noggin yet?

“Sir, are you going to lethally injure your brain-encasement?”

Biped feeling flighty…bit dizzied with each blink…no…no…“uhhh…*hhhhhhhh*aaa”…there you go: slow breathing…no spinning…no dimming: balance on broil.

Let’s go bug Jeanny: trusty concierge. Hah: already crabbed at him yesterday: gotta make up for it…went too terse. But before, a few final inscriptions are in order.

Every single morning, you awaken, pick up this inanimate utensil, and start inscribing pointless thoughts onto an inanimate platform: non-experiencers don’t care about your sewage!

This body keeps heaving and purging pointless thoughts. Thankfully, this is the very last entry. Every single sentence which has been discharged onto this inanimate platform, I assure you, is either: trivial, cryptic, atrophic, or outright illegible. A harsher attention perusing this discharge would declare it oddly idiotic.

This fevered face, moment-by-moment, keeps “plugging along”. You oughta puke onto this notebook! No! Light it up! No! Dunk it, lay some plops on it, and flush it like the pathetic waste it is!

Hundreds of pages: flagrant failure.

“Fucking flagrant failure.”

Get back to your ballast point: deep trail runs with Jós…training partner: 4, 7, 10, 13, 16 miles: standard distances…cruising…loping…surging…sprinting up cardiac hill until… cresting over shady reservoir shores contoured by high yellow grass…clay brushland… coastal desert mountain range. Once twilight hits, they commence descent: twin running forms coasting…creating sparkle-dust clouds…hearing hissing beetles…coyotes mobilizing…massive bushes: *otay wilderness*.

Celestial yard: perfect pleasance…swishing giants…cawing prowlers…cumulus migrators. Pull-up…shoot…baseline 3 point-jumper…*melted*: 1. Again…*melted*: 2. Again…*melted*: 3. How many more on queue?

Trance breached: 10:36 am. Day flapping away! How about you fling this “respected treatise” right-out-the-fucking-window!

“Sir, you have just flung a respected treatise onto McGrath Highway.”

“Good!!! Books and corpses are experientially identical.”

“Hahahah”…yeah-yeah: nice abstract laughter “dissipat-ed-ed-ed.”

Soon, there will be nothing to do. Say it.

"Soon, there will be ~~NOTHING TO DO~~."

How soon? Maybe noon…nearing: 10:44 am. What will be your conclusive tool? Pills? Noose? Knife?

How unfortunate: too shy to go with a more…primordial…tool. Water? Floor? Hollow apartment: cherry floor, egg-plastered walls, gas-stove under microwave, yellow oval rug, desk-table, two chairs, blanket-bed…pointless tools. Nobody is watching this… pointless activity. No other human organisms: just inorganic ~~non-experiencers~~.

"Just inanimates. Right?"

"Yeah: just inanimates."

Biped landed after cross country flight: 40 rows of electronically insulated heads… drabbed-out…sedated or entertained. No panic attacks in this claustrophobically pressurized cabin, please. No medical emergencies, please. No spells of violence, please. Hi everyone, we are so pleased to have you here at Southwest Airlines. We hope to have a smooth flight and get you to your destination on-time. Yay: we landed…woooo… ahhh …finally…fucking finally. Not long till you exit: priming…bracing for overhead packs snapping seatbelts unlatching, boom: go-go-go…antsy passengers shifting-shaking-shuffling…signs directing toward baggage claim…bypassing vacant attractions… janitorial doors: would truly be insane to live in there. Where's the relevant carousel, oh: out-of-commission. Joining more flightmates dribbling around: likely last shared experience…good…suitcase ejected unusually early: stroller-packed rolling-hitting glue-blue atmosphere…red eye slits…frosty breath…*hhhhhhh*…avid hands securing car-ride…manipulating icons, yup: matched app-profile…certified-driver arriving in 4 minutes…destined for 8 Bonair St.

10:48 am. Sun-dee: today-the-dee?

Ballast Point

June: last summer with Jós. Warming-up…charming-up…aerobic-anaerobic vehicles… impending tempo run.

What's on tap?

Tempo run, Jós. You already know!

Oh, good: distance and pace?

We're starting with a 2-mile warm-up: the 7-mile tempo run will be progressively paced: starting at 5:40/mile and working down to 5:30/mile…5:20/mile…5:10/mile… 5:00/mile…4:50/mi…4:40/mile: 2-mile cool-down. 11 miles total. That alright?

Yeh. Those last 2 miles will be interesting.

They will, indeed! We'll see if our fitness matches the pace prescription. If the first 2 miles feel too heavy, we'll adjust accordingly.

Sounds goodie.

We'll run our preparation on the sand path till hitting the cactus field. That's when our tempo commences.

Trance breached: 11:06 am.

"Oh, but there was no tempo."

After warming up, aerobic-anaerobic vehicles decided to detour…trek into…stare unto dense brushland overseen by palm giants…eucalyptic giants…luring us. Tempo runners turned to twilight hikers: crouchers snappin twigs snaggin clothes…whippin branches, Jós: *watch the whippin*…heheh…you're lucky I dodged it! Damn. We're in deep…night's hitting, and we have a good bit to go. I know. Avoid orb webs. Trying. Let's just push through it and hit the main trail.

Ahhhhhhhhhh. We're out. Fuck: we're still 4 miles away. Gotta hammer back. That's fine, Jós! We didn't even do the tempo hahahahahaha!!!!!

Recap: two aerobic-anaerobic vehicles intending to go on an intensive training run… instead detoured…off-trail…into dense clay brushland: otherwise off-limits interspersion of bushes, vines, weeds, wildflowers, palms, cacti, eucalypti, rocky dips, bogs, streams…bugs. Jós don't like bugs! Not when they're on me! Every night from 10 pm to 1 am, Jós recorded their results. Next day…after work…wading motorized vehicles over 67-South and 125-South freeways filled with other conductors…electric-cherried traffic spans golden beaches…both yearning for discursion after spending 10 paid hours informing the construction and supervising the assessment of commercial aircraft.

Yes, and one of them concluded their contract this September…in order to? Relocate right here…inanimate apartment: discreet location of deactivation…joining other inanimates.

A few months of money left.

October 15, and you are right here…here…here…face-fucking partial panorama…hearing claxons squabbling over minor gaps: discrete stream of motorized vehicles governed by conductors being supervised…right here…right now…by jaundiced slenderman: slamming apple juice ain't gonna make up for days of minimal liquid intake, slendy.

Task: locomote toward the inanimate known as "glass cup" just…inanimately statured on the windowsill.

"What's up?"

"Sir, are you feeling well? You're addressing an inanimate: pure non-experience. It can't hear you. It doesn't know you exist. It doesn't even know *anything at all* exists."

"You're correct, and yet I am addressing it."

"And?"

"Op!" There he is: withdrawing….. "Hey, get back here." Okay. Fevered fuck-face…inching…inching. What, you gonna face-fuck me? Yeah, you inanimate. Better yet, I'm gonna give you a kiss.

"Mmm*xxx*wuah!"

"Sir…you have just kissed an inanimate."

"Actually, I smooched it."

"Sir…are you planning on fondling the faucet next?"

"How'd you guess? But I think I'll finish making out with the mirror first."

"Blip. Nice little life clip. Look at you…pointless glare."

Wait. Wait. "OP-OP-OP!!! Look at him! HAHAHAH!!! THERE HE GOES!!!"

Good: purge your innards.

"Excellent purge, my good man. Had one myself last night. Good: go for another heave, oh!"

"A man is currently vomiting a mulched omelet on a public sidewalk."

You feel relieved until another retch starts inching, mhm: gonna repel another retch? Good luck! Maybe you fled a crowded area to "just get rid of it here." Nobody driving cares about seeing this: go-go-go. Nauseous thoughts are the most honest, huh.

Fellow pedestrian strolled right by the scene…unbothered!

"Might as well go outside now. Something to do."

"After all, you've splattered on a tree the morning after a horrendously brief repose. Hah! Horacio cautioned you. He went hysterical when you were descending the stairs."

Hollow stomach...priming...broiling... churning...fuck: feeling alarmingly unwell after glugging brandy.

(Horacio): "¡Míralo! ¿Cómo estás?"
(Verto): "Eh, medio-medio."
"Vaya, te ves medio-medio, cabrón. ¿Qué te estabas tragando anoche?"
"Brandy con Danielillo, admirando a Drego en su querida graduación."
"Suena como una pedota."
"Se."
"Wey, no vomites en esta casa. Estaría de madres si Abuelita te escucha."
"Se."
"¡Ve!"
"Se."[33]

Bitter saliva: you know it's coming. You know. Yeah. Ah? Yeah.

Neighborhood Meditation

11:31 am. Favorite time of the day! Late morning...pre-noon..."ahhhhhhhh!" Sunny: squinting atcha...gotcha. Your corneas alright? Wanna roast em? Mood? Mulch for lunch? Fleece already-thrown-over-torso: biped exited allotted unit...bipedaling.

"Occult stairwell. Man...living in here would be..."

Lobby door incoming: "here we go."

"Bert!"
"Jean!"

[33] Look at him! How're you? Eh, so-so. Wow, you look so-so, fucker. What were you glugging last night? Brandy with Danielillo, admiring Drego at his beloved graduation. Sounds like a fat rager. Yeh. Dude, don't you puke in this house. It would be fucked up if grandmother heard you. Yeh. Go! Yeh.

Waved...entrance doors slammed on poor ol Jeanny. Damn you're twitchin, fuck: jittery wind...*here it is*. A man vomited on the sidewalk *and didn't wipe it up*? That's unacceptable, right Karen? Let's track him down and report him to the authorities. Right now. He needs to face consequences.

A little steam emanating from your mulched omelet, huh: a postmodern art masterpiece you are, my dear vomit: primal deed. Bright yellow with herby notes...very gooey, of course...somewhat beany. Bile likely spurt-right-out-your-nostrils. Enough...gliding-rolling down McGrath Highway...got a light? Yup: ignite...sativa being burned: pillowy phantoms...ensembles of botanically-generated molecular compounds: cannabinoids...terpenes...combusted...inhaled...exhaled.

"*Hhhhhh*aaaahhhhh...yup."

Anonymous vomiting man: unlikely to return to check-up on his expungement, hah: unless incidentally returning with family...nervously smirking...getting chills tryna bypass his dried splash. Hey, Jay? Uh, why do you keep looking back at that nasty puddle of vomit over there? It's nothing, Shalane: I'm just figuring out what the hell it is. Where do you wanna have lunch?

He evades! Jingle-Jay expunged...nonchalantly continued his morning.

<u>Two imaginary paintings:</u>

1. A bright noon with a dim moon over coastal desert mountains.
2. A hungover man vomiting on a bustling sidewalk.

Op. Another anonymous pedestrian bipedaling up the highway sidewalk...passed... past. Coming up on dozens of other inhabitants...carnal-mechanical locomotors... bustling. Some clearly share your intention of hitting *Dunkin Dognuts*. Loiterers around franchise, good: discuss what this lanky suspect is up to. Oh, I'm up to something...and you want no part of it. I'll cause you fiends fatal difficulties while snorting "mh*jj*OOO" backlogging slugs staying latched: gather-n-gulp em right back down alimentary canal...mmm!

Concurrent ordinarities overflowing your "language faculty": *neutralizing*.

“This is activity.”

Hungover Breakfast

Inside *Dunkin Dognuts*. Biped got glued: went totally thoughtless...wondrous wind earlier now...alert...amid customer spree! Joining hungover bodies, good: on cue, oh...not gonna cut? No? Why not? You comprehend rudimentary mechanics of customer ordering? Well, I'm glad and proud. Your reward: indifference. Coupla hungover frequenters: hungering for pasty eggs with waxy cheese? Yikes. Guess ya gotta nourish overtaxed and-or malfunctioning biochemical distilleries. Some hunger, some slumber...through post-poisoning. Walking: my remedy, hah: yeah you nauseously roam-n-curse such pathetic idiocy: alcoholic drinking...why-why-why did you glug-glug-glug...*GU*h-*GU*h-*GU*h...beyond light fizzy buzz. You'd droop-out among lofty partiers talking through heavy bass blare...tippin back iced rum-cola...tongue sharpening sore throat, fuck yes: already sensing mood-boost.

Bare ravioli completed your order, huh: bland banana beginning his.

"Hi, what'll you have?"
"Hi, I'll have a dognut and a regular coffee, please."
"What size for the coffee? Cream and sugar?"
"Small, and no cream or sugar, thanks."
"What kind of doughnut?" Sorry, no, I wanted a *dognut*, ma'am.
"Powdered."
"4.04, please."

Oh yeah, have to submit payment: wallet.

"Would you like your receipt?"
"No thanks!" Sidestepping so zealous man can dictate..."Hi, yes, I'll have an egg-n-cheese...with" whatever expressive mush you spew beyond slenderman's auditory radius...hovering around cramped breakfast joint. What, is he gonna keep hovering over us? No, nena: you enjoy your floppy omelet. I'll slurp-n-vomit it whole onto your lap...at your request, of course. Wait: yup, let one go...mmm...yup: slow cooker coming your way! Rancid aroma wafting. Nodding at frequenter, yup: he suspects it.

"Number 9!"

"Here you go, sir."
"Thanks!"

Ta-Ta! Edifice ~~being~~ impeded by ~~this~~ index digit knuckling ~~this~~ inner eye socket itching legions of dust mites all over ~~these~~ lashed-lids. Biped bijecting back to private sphere...holding-gulping-fucking frivolous purchase.

Eh...purchase habituated by biped's desire to inhabit eventful atmosphere.

Streetlight sign allotting pedestrians 12 seconds...bijecting...9, 8, 7...flicking tibias - ...fresh asphalt...2, 1.

Passing vomit: drying. Nobody gonna lick-it-up?

Happenstance Shaman

Come on...dammit...fuck: here he goes..."Bert!"
(Berto): "Jee-awn! What's goin on?"
(Jean): "A lot man. Aye, you're Salvadoreño, *right*?"
"Nah."
"M. See, I'm Haitiano. So, this country's situation is laughably simple."
"Hahah...go on."
"I'm sorry, but, honestly, this country is like living in feces-cake topped with sprinkles. HAHAH! I mean, that *fucking fruitcake clown* on the loose SHOULD BE ON THE NOOSE, nahm-sayin?"
"Heh. Make sure your manager doesn't catch a whiff of your thoughts."
"Yeah man. Fuck that guy. Here's another thing: the people governing the state and federal governments, even the fucking cities...they're mental toddlers, either pecking away at their keyboards like little gerbils with pointlessly technical training...or bah-bah-bah-babbling like puppets. Government is money management. U.S., *Unknowing Slaves*. Too simple. We serve money. Moneymakers! Jobholders! Bumbling from employer-to-employer...enslaver-to-enslaver...not sure whether to hate and half-ass our jobs or to worship funny-money. Hey, it's payday, baby! Let's collect our sprinkled allowance...our deposits of funny-money, and FUCK ANYONE who would try to take MY SHARE. THAT'S MY SHARE. Get the fuck away from it. Mine. Put your nose down, scrape your face against the sidewalk, and dance for your funny-money. What's the true purpose of work? HAVEN'T EVEN ASKED THE

QUESTION...HAHAHAHAH!!!!!! Here's the bottom-line of what most people call 'fun': I like to spend, eat, drink, talk, fuck, and sleep. That sums up modern human life."
"What? You're not a fan of wedging your nose up your manager's ass while you wait for the cake-n-sprinkles to come down?"
"HAHAHAH!!! But see, there are rare people, who actually care...feel me? They delve into way fucking nuttier zones, *dislocated from the spectrum of work and fun*, seeming dazed, like you and me, man. We stay light. We don't *carry* much. *We care too much*."
"Hahahah!"
"Don't get it twisted though. See, initially, for a young child...CARE IS ALL THERE IS. There's never a 'I don't care' coming out of a 1-year old's mouth: they care about everything in their vicinity, on some level. Now…as adults, we loaf-around and atrophy. We rely on so much that we forget the fucking bare basics. Bare basics zip in-n-out like subatomic particles: HAH! Nothing to em. The more you rely, the less you remember: until making assumptions is your default mode."
"Gotta go primordial: paranormal."
"Ayeeee. I'm boutta go primordial on this chicken cutlet for lunch."
"Good! Enjoy!"
"By the way, just let the tidal waves rock-n-roll through your body, brother."
"You know...you know."
"Remember: you've entered...visceral-reality...viscerality."
"Truth."

(Manager): "Hey, Jean. I need you over here."

Uh-oh...getting summoned...inching away backwards nodding..."Stay light! It'll help!" The fuck? How does he know you're on a...maybe just some telepath: just get to the stairwell...pop back down to lobby...once the frenzy commences.

Keying your unit 315, inside: ah...viscerality or inanimacy?

Need hints from inanimates. Brisk draft billowing from the highway window, half-huffed apple juiced cup. Stick your snout in it to deplete the cool amber residue teeth-clink sounds like "tē".

"Tē"..."Tē"..."Oye. Estás bien?"

"Sə."

"Sə."

Sip: complete.
Sit: complete.

Shit: complete.

Watcher wants to sketch clay legs against ambient humming traffic: just another ordinarity... composed of ordinarities...ordinarities...ordinarities. What else? We need things to do. Otherwise? Society dies. To do...or...to be? To drive...or...to arrive? To be incarnate...or... inanimate? Incarnate: you still drive...have yet to arrive? Huh? Inanimates issuing hints?

Hints from Inanimates

"The more you quest-quest-question...*while ignoring the dynamism of questioning-ing-ing*...the less you comprehend."

"Comprehend what, Jós?"

"*That the solution is part of the problem.*"

"Ol Jós. Did you mean that seeking the solution is problematic...or that the solution is axiomatic to the problem?"

"To do...or...to be."
"To problematize...or...to axiomatize."

"Sweetie? Please refrain from committing the pathetic fallacy!"

"What's that, dear mama?"

"You may not attribute emotional, perceptual, or imaginational sensations to inanimates: inrs. Nothing is 'going on in there' except the non-experiential mechanization and randomization of intermolecular, intramolecular, atomic, and subatomic elements."

"Aw-yeah! I'll take a hideous hodge-podge of determinacy and stochasticity for brek, please. Thank you, O learned sire."

Here we go. Book and floor: stable presences. So? You persist ~~non-experientially~~: indifferent to differences...~~indifference itself~~. Any other petty inferences? Muddy-Martin and Moody-Luddy might not've liked this "ontic talk" but ***you both*** are now ontic! Good! Nothing more to ya than your perished vehicular subatomic-atomic-molecular mechanics and randomized dynamics. Somehow lingering: twinborn severe-faced skulking phantoms murmuring through ***inscriptive remnants***.

Again, a translated copy of such remnants was windowed-out...according to ~~this~~ pre-perished vehicle busy pitter-pattering over beige bathroom ceramic: bored.

Mirrored again: so bored...nailed pincers gushing another one, yup: florid acne flaring, good: boredom so bad gotcha passing time picking and gushing acne, huh.

During ~~your~~ neighborhood meditation...park attracted attention: gazing-n-roaming...trudged-up mini hill...late-morning dew glazing grass...fresh crest...huffed some sativa gusts...made favorable gestures towards sparrows-robins-grackles...fled: radial invasion. Squirrels distanced from grinning stature marching-up-a-piney-slope...cresting. And?

"Stature visited, became a statue, and exited a municipal park after ~15 minutes. And?"

"Stature's back inside, *murmuring*. And? You can continue probing-picking ~~your~~ ugly dished forehead. And? You can poke ~~your~~ throat to vomit. Chest getting sludgier. Stomach barely hurts."

Biped murmured one sentence while trekking-up mini hill...murmured one sentence.

"*This is activity.*"

Stupid sentence: local acoustics dissipated "but were literally ~~nonexistent~~ to ground minerals". Correct. Inanimate apartment can't care about "~~this~~ vehicle speaking to you". Get it?

"Abiotic vehicles are *experientially identical* to post-biotic vehicles."

"After your time-bound biotic antics are deactivated, whether suicidally or apoptotically, you join the inanimates."

Inanimates: ~~non-experiencers~~.

"Good. You join pure mechanical and dynamical indifference: fully free. Of what? Care! There *is* no after-death! No more temporal prepositions whatsoever: care goes out the window!"

Indifference...~~non-experience~~...takes over, permanently.

"How can the living make reference to the dead, then?" Uh-oh: there-there. When inanimate, YOU CANNOT EVEN KNOW OR CARE THAT YOU CAN'T CARE **EVER AGAIN**. You can't care ever again. Dead: ~~you are not~~.

"This apartment cares about its inhabitants"...is a flat semantic contradiction and an easy example of "the pathetic fallacy".

Titular equivalence: "Being and Time" = "Ontics and Antics". Pointless thought.

Biotic vehicle sitting...stirring...waiting...for lethal dare? Look at ~~your~~ notebooks: floored. "Might as well fling you out the window too! Nah. We have a special plan for you...later. For now, have a flapping fly across the room!"

Pointless moment: indifferent book hit indifferent floor after gettin flung.

"How bout some pointless classifications?"

Children: near-entirely entranced [bodies | activities]. Body *is* room. Moving *is* rooming. Where acting *is* structuring, they cannot help but fuse while they use...any tool or toy. Monism wins.

Adolescents: breaching the trance-of-life...*incessance*...by utterly unbinding *this* outward public physique and *my* private psyche. With respect to other [physiques | psyches], dualism brews.

Adults: ramifying this *incessance* into [personas | personalities] scheduled for series of *tasks*, arranged by hour, day, week, month, year, etc. Whether the schedule is selected or inflicted, pluralism ensues.

Seniors: meditatively tempering this *incessance* [histories | destinies].

Children: **phenomenologists**.
Adolescents: **ontologists**.
Adults: **mechanists**.
Seniors: **tautologists**.

Children **phenomenologize** time into bodily *tempo* and space into bodily *room*.
Adolescents **ontologize** tempo into *moods* and space into *modes*.
Adults **mechanize** moods into *personalities* and modes into *personas*.
Seniors **tautologize** personalities into *destinies* and personas into *histories*.

Private Gratification

Noon. Phenomenologist roaming again..."M"...palms spasming-scratching-scathing white epidermal calf flakes "ra-ra-ra". Back itching too: thumb got it. Feeling antsy? Wanna stitch-the-itch? Choke-the-chicken? Uh-oh...emerging engorgement being attentionally registered: why not apply saliva and continue-till-conclusion!?

Huh: non-sexual, non-experiential entity: banana towel...really rousing you...hahahah evidently sub-attentional ensembles of penile neurons signaled your arterial relaxation...indeed, they did.

"Hahah!!! *The fuck is this!?*" Seated Gargoyle going hand-in-hand: twin-gripping...to a towel!?

"Hahahah!!! To a TOWEL!?"

"What the fuck, Tom!? To a TOWEL!? Fucking freak!" Pulsating bronze appendage...dribble some more saliva, yup: go ahead there, yup: lather that on there. Palm yourself silly: go get your spurt on... incoming...yes...yes...mhm...*mmm...yes...yes...mmm...mmm...mmm...mmm...mmm...mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm*.....

"M"..."hh"..."hh"..."hh"...yup-yup-yup-yup-up-up-up-up...yuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuup!!!!!!!!!!

"M"..."M"..."M"..."hhhhhhhhhah."

"Thank you."

"Sir, you have just thanked a towel for being the source-and-target of your ejaculation."

"Yup, gooped the floor. Gotta problem with it? Gonna wipe it up for me?"

"Certainly, sir. Was there no other subject on your mind while you...gooped?"

There it went...toweled-n-floored: supplied some murky dim silver gamete-infused goop...abruptly blasted ropes-n-ropes from urethral slit was getting palmed...grazed... stroked...chocked...until hitting-the-brink.

Alcoholic Nostalgia

Well, there's a first: optical apparatus continuously targeted and concluded to a towel...zero internal visualization. Twin grip: strictly frictional and graphical: what next?

Room rendered in a dreamy rococo glaze. M! Maybe you're capable of elating another orgasm, no-no: just emptied your testicular reservoir. Fine, time to bathe...step into drilled tooth-of-a-tub inside

birthday-cake-of-a-bathroom hosting piss dripping-bubbling cool pool: toilet accepted a much larger deposit earlier.

"Hey walls, you non-experiential entities" *are still fucking right here* with...with...wuh-wuh-"wuh-wuh-wwwwwwww-with"..."this"...unclothed phenomenologist already animating your "your-your-your, yeah: good...speak at your"..."your"...bathing area after exercising a two-handed grip till it spurted *to you*...and only you! Oh? Yup! Your conclusion was secured quite quickly...and on-target.

"A human mammal massaged its genitalia in an apartment studio in erotic admiration of an inanimate."

"If dishonest, this statement is inane."
"If truthful, this statement is insane."

Another pointless moment.

Floor: completely carefree: ~~can't care~~! You gooped: tubby ~~can't care~~ about shower drumming ~~can't care~~ about nozzle being ripped out ~~can't care~~ about wall being busted down ~~can't care~~ about building being demolished. Little liquid pellets: aqueous ~~non-experiencers~~! No traffic humming...in here. Insulated. Haven't eaten...m...palms: please relax antsy stomach: there you go...stepper breaching cavitated enamel tub...*absolutely broiling*. Soft palms...clap to the beat of some psalms: there you go, girl! Mhm! Biped ~~being~~ bombarded. Tub ~~being~~ bombarded: numbing...~~non-experiencing~~. Reeeeecalibrate: gooped towel hosts your gluey conclusion. How many in your entire lifetime? Thousands? Oh, of course he remembers his first one...was very bizarre. Hah: confused build-up suddenly extremely perplexing: face started alarming at pecker verging-pulsing-purging this...alien glue. Oh, he did not expect...this result... from just utter rubbing...to some...biped. Who? Forgotten...oh: nope...noooope...not forgotten at all...bending over the desk to reach for a pen...went tense...stopped...stood...*quietly alarming*...aaaaand nonchalantly discharged alien glue on an orangutan palm: private gratification.

Biped again alert to this exact enamel tub: drumming...stepping away letting nozzle directly drum..."mmmmm"...yup, already seeping. Middle school: most mentally eventful period of life. Memories blooming...flooding: let em getcha.

New student joining the scholastic fun in 7th grade...severely stoic...speaks only when addressed: sits, walks, eats, listens, and chills...enjoys toasty-roasty sun-bathing necked-shoulders...recess: radiating daze of scattered hordes. School days: recursion laced with hints of spontaneity. Classmates' mandated labor had to be *appalling* for your mediocre products to be *applauded*, hah: eventuating some strange problems, op...yup: like when the old freak began hallucinating him getting harassed for homework...hahahah...no less by smelly Ale: guy was wormed...sorry, all bullying allegations: so fucking laughably false...*soundly discarded* after listening to you spew enough twaddle after school meeting with Ma, yup: he snapped... motioned to STOP your pathetic babble...lunatic clit-eyes, oh yeah: you got shocked at this severely stoic kid's palm nearing your face, huh: "Honestly, I let this weird charade run for a bit because I thought you were undergoing an adverse neurological event, but enough: we are hairsplitting the contents of your pathetic *hallucinations*...understand? And because this

meeting is afterschool, cutting into my already-limited personal time, it's utterly wasteful and ends now." Departed: astounded...so close to returning...congratulating you for such pathetic hallucinations with a crisp smack-to-the-face hopefully flicking off a few loose teeth...oh-so-awfully sorry: kid wasn't being bullied...he was a calm-fast-stoic-comic capable of inflicting considerable physical-mental harm, yup: latently possessed plenary command of Spanish and Portuguese, hidden until being reactivated a few months in...when Natasha flung a question, hah: as if he was going to stand there befuddled at nonsensical noises...oh but insteeeead instantly cued a gaping grin with seamless Spanish...manic intrigue ensued. Yes, Natasha...congrats...now how bout a quick kiss before recess is over? Would've initiated but, unfortunately, toady Monroy would've lost a nut. 8th grade: went lofty on that overgrown owl-of-a-man: Mr. Littooy nearly creamed his stubby kakis when he agreed to compete. First happenstance acquaintance in 7th grade: Richard: Richie-Richie...bumbling around with Stephon: Stephonic...fleeced shelf hovering around Alexa-n-Andrea passing boys bathroom...uh-oh...ninny Marco engaging scrappy Isaac while Andro...mastermind instigator...looks-n-laughs at these riling-cussing animals...uhhh-ohhh...starting-up-again: shoving-pushing-tackling into urinals: leaving scene emerging outside: ahhhhhhh fuck-yeah soothing sun...pancake asphalt...panorama spilling into muggy bumblebee field...recess roaring...massive soccer hive...intercepting...oblique football squabble: in it...hike...yawn... yeah: tacitly latched...10 am snack break: buncha duds relieving boredom via trivialities: farting, shoving, tripping, necking, dunking, mocking, one-upping, gasping at Natasha, Maria José, Ana Ximena, Isabel, Laura. ¡Qué asco! ¡Aléjate, wey! ¡No te quiero ver![34] Such statements were never issued: on the contrary! Many were intrigued indeed...and yet no move was made on your part, sir. What happened? Huh? Too stoic? Too severe? Too busy gooping all over your school uniform? Too busy repelling annoying antics...wait...wait...

"Huh."

"Totally tuned you out, hah: can this biped budge beige ceramic border?" Not easily! Why not? Don't ya wanna head-butt it? Harm your noggin?"

"Sir, do you not recall that this border, being inorganic and therefore abiotic or 'inanimate', lacks your higher-order biological and psychological properties?"

"I recall, sire. But when I forget this fact, I more purely commune with this..."

"...non-experiencer?"

"Nes."

"The term 'organism' can be mathematically generalized to include both lower-order and higher-order 'organizations' of matter and force: composition and transformation."

"Does 'experience' strictly inhere in the planet-confined biological and psychological coherence of higher-order organizations of matter and force?"

[34] Gross! Get away, dude! I don't want to look at you!

“Or...is ‘experience’ synonymous with the ‘stratum-relative coherence’ of any organization of matter and force...up to and including cosmological coherence?”

“The putative correctness of the latter statement renders the term ‘inorganism’ or ‘non-experiencer’ synonymous with ‘non-existence’. Do you affirm the existence of non-existence, squire?”

“Nes.”

M. Shower drumming...drummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

“Yum-Yum Donuts.”
“Yum-Yum Dognuts.”

“This higher-order biopsychological organism, composed of lower-order mechanical and chemical organisms, CURRENTLY INHABITS this apartment’s microwave”...~~is a contradictory statement~~.

An acoustically-dissipated emission...whose semantic content denotes a ~~physical contradiction~~...is an instructive mental exercise, or not. THIS PHYSICAL ORGANISM IS LOCATED WITHIN, AND ONLY WITHIN, THE PHYSICAL BOUNDARIES OF THE BATHING CHAMBER OF THIS EXACT APARTMENT. By sheer virtue of spatial locality and temporal linearity...IT CANNOT CONCURRENTLY INHABIT THE MICROWAVE CHAMBER...except as part of an instructive mental exercise, or not. Nonlocally and nonlinearly, this organism inhabits the microwave chamber...undergoing a very different kind of bath.

“Hahahah...”

“This organism is ~~NOT~~ TALKING”...denotes a physical, but not a mental, contradiction.

“This organism is ~~not~~ talking.”
“This organism is ~~not~~ sitting.”
“This organism is ~~not~~ running.”
“This organism is ~~not~~ drowning.”

These acoustically-dissipated emissions are mentally consistent, yet physical contradictory.

“This torso...~~was~~...nudely going nutty in the lobby, bothering Jeanny”...is a physical contradiction.

“Please be sure to thoroughly lather your integument, sir.”

“Organism is ~~not~~ currently lathering...applying doctor-prescribed hemorrhoid ointment to its anal cavity”...“redundantly dictating”...this reflexive reach grabbing plastic tube...“body wash”...for biped to...dropping-ing-ing it...no...yes: nes...clutch-ed-ed-ed “dh” release-ed-ed-ed “dh” as it plopp-ed-ed-ed, hah: lingual lag. Nuttin-else-to-it, Hewett.

Stated plainly, this disjoint organism is ~~not~~ graphically grasping ~~this~~ tubular container containing antiseptic substance: active-inactive chemical agents foam-with-friction: networks-n-layers of epidermal cells, follicles, and many other integumentary components.

There is ~~no other~~ human organism “physically inhabiting” ~~this~~ side of ~~this~~ inorganic border between ~~this~~ bathroom and ~~this~~ kitchen.

“Mentally inhabiting” the **Secret Trails** again. Jós, wait: THIS ROCK CANNOT ACT. *It can. It acts. There are plenty of activities going on in there.* Hah...well, yes: the rock has inorgano-mechanical activities...sure. But that’s kiiinda trivial. The rock has no sensorial or memorial experience. Right, Jós? *The rock does not have sensorial or memorial experiences so long as we, as stratum-relativized humans, reserve these terms for biological or psychological structures. The rock experiences the environment according to the properties possessed and operations performed by its quantum-atomic-molecular-intermolecular componentry.* Hah! Wrooong, Jós! The rock is strictly inorganic: non-experiential! *The fact that it’s inorgano-mechanical in no way negates its inorgano-mechanical* ***experience****: many adult humans misunderstand this elementary fact. To children, the rock is held and caressed in* ***these very palms*** *with one or more primordial purposes. Two young adult human bodies – us two – existing millions of years after the first bipeds...are currently...smoothly walking on the arid, well-worn trail toward* ***Cardiac Hill****. But why are they – we – not stopping here and gathering rocks for fire, or digging our nails into hard soil for underground water, or palming rocks to throw at unsuspecting animals...* hahahahahah yes, good: Jós, we could be tossing sticks, *slinging big branches*...yup...but we are ~~not~~, for instance, ~~sitting~~, ~~crawling~~, ~~huddling~~, ~~jumping~~, ~~running~~, ~~*rolling*~~, ~~scraping~~ our faces into the rough trail...*oww heh-heh,* good-good: intestinally, I am ~~not~~ digesting Coca-Cola *but you are digesting lab-synthesized Gatorade* HAHAHAHAHA Jós!!! EXCELLENT!!! Why are your legs ~~not~~ sliced-n-diced? Our bodies are ~~not~~ sliding down the steep yellow fenced slope...*maybe we should trek up, though*...you trust that high grass? Likely rattlers in there, son. *Agreed, just was thinking, we could* ***huff-the-fuck-up****,* heh! Pogo over those rattlers? Could, I guess...but we might hit a coyote-pack hiding in the big bushes...*up there!? It’s day dude.* We would carry ourselves into a fucking field of rattlers on account of your naughty curiosity, Jós: so let’s keep walking: hit the hill. Besides, the very second we hop that fence to trek up the slope, our bodies will ~~not~~ be standing ***right here***. We will ~~not~~ be gathering rocks, ~~not~~ digging nails into the hard trail, ~~not~~ throwing dirt, ~~not~~ skipping pebbles, ~~not~~ flinging sticks, ~~not~~ chewing eucalyptus leaves, ~~not~~ gulping mescaline cactus juice, ~~not~~ whistling with a blade, ~~not~~ slinging branches...all....of.....these.....primordial.....purposes.....

Yes. Heheh, gotta go simple...simple to the point of ***primordial****...in order to actually inhabit* ***rooms*** *and play with* ***tempos*** *among* ***presences****. Room is visceral. Tempo is attitudinal. Objects are magical.*

Riddle me this, Jós! An inorganic chemist casually steps onto an intermolecularly-bonded rock...while...macroscopically locomoting through the macroscopic front yard to soon conduct his macroscopic car...igniting...a microcosm of INTERMOLECULAR ACTIVITIES which an inorganic chemist cannot study WHILE DRIVING. We mixing-up scales and associated goals?

Jós.....oh.....wait: unstoppably baaack drumming.....“mmmmmmm”.....memorian hit dead-end once trance was breached. All it was: picking up and looking closely at a particular trail rock, while saying to Jós that it, being inorganic, has no experience. Hah! Ol Jós objected on the grounds that it experiences existence according to abiotic properties and abiotic operations which lend it a greatly attenuated, intuitively inaccessible, and yet no less valid experience.”

It is dusk in the forest. Human philosopher...inhabiting a self-built cabin...is sitting, standing, stepping, pausing, thinking, meditating, contemplating...inscribing.

Visceral Breach

Another blip: “nostalgic trance breached”. Speak it again.

“Nostalgic trance breached. Can you cope with such a weak breach of normality?”

“Paranormality awaiting?”

“Nes. The difficulty of this task inheres in its unsettling simplicity...instructions incoming.”

Need visceral breach. Biped still showering...drumming...dazing: turn to Nozzy, good: you’re still on-the-clock...fogged mirror: on-the-clock...flickering curtains: on-the-clock...percolating toilet: on-the-clock. Turn to them. Address them for what they are ~~not~~.

“You are inanimates: non-experiencers...can’t care: no sensorial or memorial capacities. None.”

“These linguistic emissions are not even irrelevant to you. They are non-existent.”

Hm. Going dizzy? Hey, too heavy of an onslaught? Uh-oh. ~~This~~ lanky brown biped descending into ~~this~~ quadrupedal position on ~~this~~ shower floor, yes: letting locality leak...into buzzing hilly meadows shimmering violet luster, mmmmmmm: summer twilight...keep going, good: dislocate from ~~this~~ drumming-humming-numbing nozzle: no-no-no needling sterile symbols.

Still straining to convey basic bodily demonstrations?

I am ~~not~~ inscribing. Specify: these bilateral-functional appendages are ~~not~~ operating an inscriptive utensil to affix strings of human-interpretable symbols.

This is ~~not~~ inscription. This face is ~~not~~ staring up at a buzzing twilit sky...because...this biped...is...palming pencil with mite-of-a-hand...wristing...forearming...shouldering...humming...drumming...summing pointless moments till permanent deactivation. Nozzy: central director of ~~this~~ Beyblade Stadium.[35] ~~This~~ mobile cylindroid protrudes using perceptual-motor control mechanisms: ~~con~~currently ~~con~~trolling ~~this~~ vinegar vinyl drape-of-a-curtain: bleary mirror goes ~~con~~currently ~~un~~controllable. Uh-oh! NO MORE GOING NUTTY.

Let Nozzy directly drum acned forehead, good: human-cylindroid grabbing...grabbed...tubed moisturizing liquid dropping...“*toi*”...dropped tube into tub. Don’t wanna glug it down?

Appendaged-cylindroid don’t wanna harm ~~this~~ delicate digestive system, huh: abruptly *crouching down here* with ~~these~~ plantar planks toeing-nailing-ankling-straining feeble achilles...rostral reticle: peering underneath ~~this~~ pelvis laboring ~~this~~ spine wedging ~~this~~ cranium near ~~this~~ rectal region ripe for ~~this~~ quacking fart...“b*wua*h”...released: vital vibration...radiating ~~this~~ aqueous-laced pungency...whiff-it-up...“yum-yum-yum.”

El Cuarto Viejo: dreamy light yellow interior strip-windowed cake overflowing into icy dewy morning porch, yes: ~~these~~ curtains...gross hassle latching to ~~this~~ cricket leg croucher elevated suddenly: ~~this~~ Beyblade Stadium stirring currents of steam whipping congested nostrils. No other biped on the planet is aware of ~~this~~ hiss.

Still breathing...“mhhhh...*hhhh*ah”...now-now-now...“NOW TALKING.”

“Cool with you?”

Inanimates: nozzy, tubby, mirror, toilet buttress, toilet pool, tile-cakes, sink-womb, tubes, bulbs, screws, bolts, pigments, pastes, polishers, drawers, wires, borders...~~can’t care~~. And? What about you, caretaker? Wanna go ~~carefree~~? Finally gonna harm your fuckin noggin? Won’t even experience ~~care-freedom~~! Just the last blip before going post-biotic. Again...again...again...it ~~is~~ not. What happens when an unstoppable force meets an immovable object? Nothing. Is it ~~no~~thing, or noth~~ing~~?

This fevering face thinking of bashing itself like a rotting pumpkin, cuing ~~non-respawn~~.

[35] A Beyblade Stadium is a bunkered arena wherein two or more players simultaneously launch their customized 3-component spinning-top toys or avatars (known as “Beyblades”) as part of a series of battles to determine which can withstand, dodge, or outlast the most breakage. In the event that three or more players are battling, it is understood that each non-winning player will immediately retract their halted avatars so as to, first, avoid encroaching on active avatars, and second, to record the time elapsed between the 2nd place finisher and the 1st place finisher (thereby determining their relative strengths).

"Non-respawn."

Forehead temple pulsing pulp...abdomen getting pinched...ah...ah..."ow". Legs limbering up for cross-country race...racers...start...sprinting...windy field...settling in: hard fun begins.

Reactivate childhood tradition: commence countdown.

"COMMENCE COUNTDOWN...10...9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2...1...heeeere weeee goooo"...swing-jump-over-tub...***tripped***...noooo triiiip...noooo...brooooken...hiiiip...goooona...goooo...groooope...noooope: face-fuck-floor...***going dizzy***...fuck...dizzier...fuck...steam-still-swirling...tickle-twirl..."uh-oh"...***going wobbles***...eye slits: little clits...squiddy fingers flinging...fuck...falling room...fuck...falling room...***getting fucking nauseous***..."*phwhh*"..."*huhhh*"..."*phwhh*"..."*huhhh*"..."*phwwhh*"..."*uhhhh*"... "*phwwwph*"..."*ahhhh*"..."*ahhhh*"..."*ahhhh*"..."*yahhh*"..."*yuuup*."

Replay: biped lunging-high-hopping-spinning-out-of-control...met with living room...for a financial consultation, of course.

Pointless outburst.

Emotional Tempo

Back. Cloudy mini room still swirling...drumming: pointless storm. Biped was just planted here: under nostalgic trance until breaching...boinging..."*this very memory is a neurophysiological configuration internal to this cranium*." Tubby ~~can't care~~! Nozzy ~~can't care~~!

"Nuttin-else-to-it, Hewett."

Sink-gazing getting blips of a mini-climber..."Ol Honnold"...grabbing platinum valves.

"Go grope some soap!"

"You've been behaving like a newborn, sir."

"GOOD! That's how you primordialize total normality."

Biped can...*urinate right through this street-facing screen*...onto McGrath Highway! Wanna? Well, urethra in position to alarm...you...currently advancing without qualms...until you get streamed.

"HAHAHAHAHAH!!!"

"Bert!"

"You alright?"
"Jeanny!"
"Alright!"
"Where you motoring to?"
"Lunch: chicken cutlet sandwich. What about you? Heading out again today?"
"Might: gotta huff some lunch too."
"Try this spot down right down the street called *Pastelería Irene*. Un sitio brasileiro, mmmmxMMMUAH! Everything on the menu is incredible. Trust me."
"Say less!"
"Plus, good food will stretch the trip, heheh! Talk later! I'm on-the-clock. You know how it goes."
"Yup"...waving aaaand...there he goes...motoring toward his cutlet...could've gone ahead, yup: gonna drain-the-main-vein right onto your crown chakra, Jeanny! Maybe with a special surprise! Huh? Don't want your prize? "Hahahahah. You'd be extremely displeased! Probably undergo momentary derangement...'Man, what the...!? What the fuck!? AH!? GET OVER HERE! I'LL FUCK YOU UP RIGHT NOW!!!!!'"

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA...HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA...GOOD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Enjoy your crusty cutlet before I stuff it up your no-no zone. Oh, you'd go so fucking nutty, Jeanny: no more passing gas with those lobby laughs...no more short stories...no more strange sayings...wait...*somebody knocking*...fuck: no-no...door jittered: got gusted...

"Little fucker: you got me."

“Sir, there is zero cause for another human biped to request entrance into your housing unit at this time.”

Yup: cactus definitely kicking in: lotta juice causing you to oscillate: fine-to-dense moods...joy-to-mystery...humorous-to-studious...relaxative-to-concentrative...good... ...good, yup: here we go.

“I welcome this primordializing onslaught.”

“To primordialize...is...to peculiarize...is...to paranormalize.”

“To paranormalize...is...to meditatively-visceralize.”

“Time to fuse meditation and trance: meditative trance.”

Fuchsia fields...mmmm...*thickleaf yerba santa*...mmmmmm...minty-eucalyptus ambrosia: love it.

“Why not ingest more primordializing nectar, sir?”

“True: I can always soothe it with some indica clouds.”

1:24 pm. No more late morning luster: nasty drowse...seeping. Mood: euphoric-to-caustic-to-ballistic. Biped wants to walk outside...yet owes legal duty of decent exposure. Uh-oh! Children pointing and adults gasping. Look! That man has gone mad! Look at him...as nude as a newborn...GOOD LORD! Stop, look this way, Timmy. Let’s get away from this menacing freak.

Seated, thoughtless...for a measly minute

Spaces and Rooms

Biped grabbing Henri's "big book": **Science and Hypothesis.**[36]

Geometric Space and Perceptual Space

What, first of all, are the properties of geometric space?

1. It is continuous.
2. It is infinite.
3. It has three-dimensions.
4. It is homogeneous.
5. It is isotropic.

Compare it now to the frame of our representations and our sensations, which I may call perceptual space.

Visual Space, Tactile Space, Motor Space

Tactile space is still more complicated than visual space and farther removed from geometric space.

But apart from the data of sight and touch, there are other sensations which contribute as much and more to the genesis of space. These are known to everyone; they accompany all our movements and are usually called muscular sensations.

The corresponding frame constitutes what may be called motor space.

Each muscle gives rise to a special sensation capable of augmenting or diminishing, so that the totality of our muscular sensations will depend upon as many variables as we have muscles. From this point of view, motor space would have as many dimensions as we have muscles.

This association is extremely complex, for the contraction of the same muscle may correspond, according to the position of the limbs, to movements of very different directions.

Thus, perceptual space, under its triple form, visual, tactile, and motor...**IS ESSENTIALLY DIFFERENT FROM GEOMETRIC SPACE**.

[36] Henri Poincare, "Science and Hypothesis": 1902.

It is as impossible for us to represent to our external bodies in geometric space as it is for a painter to paint on a plane canvas objects with their three dimensions.

Therefore, we do not represent to ourselves external bodies in geometric space, but we reason on these bodies as if they are situated in geometric space.

When I say that we represent to ourselves these movements, I mean only that we represent to ourselves the muscular sensations which accompany them, and which **HAVE NO GEOMETRIC CHARACTER WHATEVER**.

Such a notion is already very complex and must have been relatively (developmentally) late in appearing.

The World of Four Dimensions

The sense of sight, even with a single eye, together with the muscular sensations relative to the movements of the eyeball, would suffice to teach us space of three dimensions.

Well, just as the perspective of a three-dimension body can be made on a plane, we can make the body of a four-dimensional being on a picture of three dimensions. To a geometer, this is only child's play.

We see that experience plays an indispensable role in the genesis of geometry.

"Excellent, Henri!"

Ooooooooh, Ponty!?

"Skip around. Don't bother with fucking fluff."

"Here we go."

Phenomenology of Perception.[37]

Because mescaline ingestion compromises the impartial attitude and delivers the patient into his vitality, we would expect it to encourage forms of synesthesia. And indeed, under the influence of mescaline, the sound of a flute induces a blue-green color, the sound of a metronome in the dark is expressed by gray patches. One patient finds a piece of iron, he taps it upon the windowsill, and explains: "There's the magic."

We must seek the originary experience of space **PRIOR TO THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN FORM AND CONTENT**.

If someone is stretched out on a bed and if I look at him while standing over the head of the bed, for a moment, the face is normal. There is, of course, a certain disorder in its features, and I have difficulty understanding the smile as a smile, but I sense that I could walk around the bed, and I see through the eyes of a spectator placed at the foot of the bed. If the spectacle continues...the face becomes monstrous.

[37] Maurice Merleu Ponty, "Phenomenology of Perception": 1945.

I throw a stone. It crosses my garden. For a moment, it becomes a blurry meteorite.

Under the influence of mescaline, sometimes objects appear to shrink as they approach. A limb or a part of the body (hand, mouth, or tongue) appears enormous, and the rest of the body is no longer anything other than an appendage to it. The walls of the room are 150 meters apart, and above them there is but a vast and deserted expanse. The extended hand is as high as the wall. People seem like puppets, and their movements are accomplished with a magical slowness.

Another patient can no longer understand the clock.

Page 506. So long as we are alive, our situation is open.

Page 516. I can, of course, interrupt my projects at any moment. But what exactly is this power?
We are always in the plenum and in being, just as a face, even when at rest or even when dead, is always condemned to express something (there are cadavers that appear surprised, peaceful, obtrusive), and just as silence is still a modality of the sonorous world. I can break every mold and scoff at everything, but there is no case in which I am entirely committed. Rather than thinking of my sorrow, I stare at my fingernails, or I have lunch, or I get involved in politics.

My actual freedom is not on this side of my being, but out in front of me, among the things... There are, however, these things that appear, irrecusably, that loved person in front of you, these men existing as slaves around you.

Page 3. I cannot enclose myself within the universe of science. If we wish to think science rigorously, to appreciate precisely its sense and scope, we must first awaken this experience **of which science is the second-order expression**.

Husserl's entire misunderstanding with his interpreters, with his dissidents, and ultimately with himself, comes from the fact that we must – precisely in order to see the world and grasp its paradox –
RUPTURE OUR FAMILIARITY WITH IT.

"Rupture familiarity."

Henri's Reverie

Science and Method.[38]

Page 383. The genesis of mathematical creation is a problem which should intensely interest the psychologist. It is the activity in which the human mind seems to take least from the outside world, in which it acts or seems to act only of itself and on itself, so that in studying the procedure of geometric thought we may hope to reach what is most essential in human's mind.

As for myself, I must confess, I am absolutely incapable of even adding without mistakes.
In a word, my memory is not bad, but it would be insufficient to make me a good chess-player. Why then does it not fail me in a difficult piece of mathematical reasoning where most chess-players would lose themselves? Evidently because it is guided by the general march of the reasoning. A mathematical demonstration is not a simple juxtaposition of syllogisms, it is syllogisms placed in a certain order, and the order in which these elements are placed is much more important than the elements themselves. If I have the feeling, the intuition, so to speak, of this order, so as to perceive, at a glance, the reasoning as a whole, I need no longer fear lest I forgot one of the elements...

Page 386. In fact, what is mathematical creation? It does not consist in making new combinations with mathematical entities already known. Anyone could do that, but the combinations so made would be infinite in number and most of them absolutely without interest. To create consists precisely in not making useless combinations...

Invention is discernment, choice.

But what I have hitherto said is what may be observed or inferred in reading the writings of the geometers, reading reflectively.

It is time to penetrate deeper and to see what goes on in the very soul of the mathematician. For this, I believe, I can do best by recalling memories of my own. But I shall limit myself to telling how I wrote my first memoir on Fuchsian functions. I beg the reader's pardon: I am about to use some technical expressions, but they need not frighten, for you are not obliged to understand them. I shall say, for example, that I have found the demonstration of such a theorem under such circumstances. This theorem will have a barbarous name, unfamiliar to many, but that is unimportant.

For fifteen days I strove to prove that there could not be any functions like those I have since called Fuchsian functions. I was then very ignorant; every day I seated myself at my worktable, stayed an hour or two, tried a great number of combinations and reached no results. One evening, contrary to my custom, I drank black coffee and could not sleep. Ideas rose in crowds; I felt them collide until pairs interlocked...making a stable combination. By the next morning, I had established the existence of a class of Fuchsian functions, those which come from the hypergeometric series; I have only to write out the results, which took but a few hours.

Then I wanted to represent these functions by the quotient of two series; this idea was perfectly conscious and deliberate, the analogy with elliptic functions guided me. I asked myself, what properties these series must have if they existed, and I succeeded without difficulty in forming the series I have called theta-Fuchsian.

[38] Henri Poincare, "Science and Method": 1908.

Just at the time, I left Caen, where I was then living, to go on a geologic excursion under the auspices of the school of mines. The changes of travel made me forget about my mathematical work. Having reached Coutances, we entered an omnibus to go someplace or other. At the moment when I put my foot on the step, the idea came to me, without anything in my former thoughts seeming to have paved the way for it, that the transformations I had used to define the Fuchsian functions were identical with those of non-Euclidean geometry. I did not verify the idea: I should not have had time, as, upon taking my seat in the omnibus, I went on with a conversation already commenced, but I felt a perfect certainty. On my return to Caen, for conscience's sake, I verified the result at my leisure.

Then I turned my attention to the study of some arithmetical questions apparently without much success and without a suspicion of any connection with my preceding researches. Disgusted with my failure, I went to spend a few days at the seaside, and thought of something else. One morning, walking on the bluff, the idea came to me, with just the same characteristics of brevity, suddenness, and immediate certainty, that the arithmetical transformations of indeterminate ternary quadratic forms were identical with those of non-Euclidean geometry.

Returning to Caen, I meditated on this result and deduced the consequences. The example of quadratic forms showed me that there were Fuchsian groups other than those corresponding to the hypergeometric series; I saw that I could apply to them the theory of theta-Fuchsian functions and that consequently there existed Fuchsian functions other than those from the hypergeometric series, the ones I then knew. Naturally I set myself to form all these functions. I made a systematic attack upon them and carried all the outworks, one after another. There was one however that still held out, whose fall would involve that of the whole place. But all my efforts only served at first to show me the difficulty, which indeed was something. All this work was perfectly conscious.

Thereupon I left for Mont-Valérien, where I was to go through my military service; so, I was very differently occupied. One day, going along the street, the solution of the difficulty which had stopped me suddenly appeared to me. I did not try to go deep into it immediately, and only after my service did I again take up the question. I had all the elements and had only to arrange them and put them together. So, I wrote out my final memoir at a single stroke and without difficulty.

Most striking at first is this appearance of sudden illumination, a manifest sign of long, unconscious prior work. **The role of this unconscious work in mathematical invention appears to me incontestable**, and traces of it would be found in other cases where it is less evident. Often when one works at a hard question, nothing good is accomplished at the first attack. Then one takes a rest, longer or shorter, and sits down anew to the work. During the first half-hour, as before, nothing is found, and then all of the sudden the decisive idea presents itself to the conscious mind. It might be said that the conscious work has been more fruitful because it has been interrupted and the rest has given back to the mind its force and freshness. But it is more probable that this rest has been filled out with unconscious work and that the result of this work has afterward revealed itself to the geometer just as in the cases I have cited...only the revelation, instead of coming during a walk or a journey, has happened during a period of conscious work, but independently of this work which plays at most a role of excitant, as if it were the goad stimulating the results already reached during the rest....remaining latent until conscious work.

There is another remark to be made about the conditions of this unconscious work: it is possible and certainly it is only fruitful, if it is on the one hand preceded and on the other hand followed by a period of conscious work. These sudden inspirations never happen except after some days of voluntary effort which has appeared absolutely fruitless and whence nothing good seems to have come, where the way taken seems totally astray. These efforts then have not been as sterile as one thinks! They have set going the unconscious machine and, without them, it would not have moved and would have produced nothing.

The unconscious, or, as we say, the subliminal self, plays an important role in mathematical creation; this follows from what we have said. But usually, the subliminal self is considered as purely automatic.

Now we have seen that mathematical work is not simply mechanical.

A first hypothesis now presents itself: the subliminal self is in no way inferior to the conscious self; it is not purely automatic; it is capable of discernment; it has tact, delicacy; it knows how to choose, to divine. What do I say? **It knows better how to divine than the conscious self, since it succeeds where that has failed.**

Racing Terror

Jós: still incarnate: not yet inanimate.

"Every day, after clocking in-and-out, two mechanical engineers explored secret networks of coastal desert trails and clay-soiled brushland...seeking the magical meadow at the center."

"They drove through the solar-cherried freeway...heading directly to their cherished muse...refreshing-while-ramifying yesterday's findings."

Parked on Conduit Rd: offloading...look at these duds marching down wide arid straightaway trail. Jós and Berto: opening main trail...trekking toward underpass...125-South freeway...yearning for our private dry rocky lake is on-the-horizon...incoming... quick-skipping-dipping down into miniature mountain range: mossed Martian boulders. Jós explaining earthquake-resistant structural mechanisms built into 125-South freeway up-above: microgaps in section links. Wait: ghost running by...going giddy! Imagining a cheering crowd! Picking-up-the-pace! Surging! Sprinting! Hahahah! Look at him go! Lone ghost forerunner deep in summer base training envisioning the very last race of his senior high school cross country season...quickening cadence... wishing he was hovering, op: pogo legs dodging snake dens: stepped on one once but didn't get bit, hah: git lucky Luddy. Lone ghost forerunner: unaware of these future marchers talking about lucky Luddy. He was a nutty guy...hahah...overblown concerns festering into general glare is pretty pathetic, yup: I'll smack your sensitive neck right-out-of-silence, buddy-boy! I'll spit on your grimace!!! Ah? Ah!? See, Jós? You gotta ambush a philosophical man masturbating right-as-he-hits his pitiful climax: juuuuust as he faces the heavens and spurts his aimless goop...YOU SNIP **OR BETTER YET** SUPERGLUE HIS LITTLE URETHRA! YOU TWANG HIS DELICATE EGGS! YOU SNAP HIS SPINE! YOU TAKE SOME CLIPPERS TO HIS NOSE AND EARS! DONE! DONE-DEWEY! YOU GET IT!? *Yeah.* Jós, how is it possible that we are...currently... ascending the switchback trail and HAVEN'T UTTERED A BLIP ABOUT OUR BELOVED DRY LAKE? HAHAHAHAH!!! WE **ABORTED** IT WITHOUT A WORD! We just left our dry lake. We were nestled in there...jumping around the mossed Martian boulders. Why not christen our departure? *Perceptual telepathy.* I can't help but applaud your observation, Jós: look at this solar shine. *Cardiac summit awaits!* Yup! 2 levels down...5 to go. Let's take the longer spiraling route to it, yeah? *Hm. Could be cool to hit the direct route.*

Hahahah!!! He wants the steeper, faster, harsher conduit!!! Jós, remember when that very spiraling route broke your body!? You were eagerly huffin up the switchbacks: push-push-pushin...but when he got to the spiraling route, HE BOWED OUT! He shuuuut it down! *Of couuuurse* you want the direct route now, but we must now decide which route to take: direct or spiraling-ing-ing? We are approaching the branching! Strike the choice! *The branching doubles as a coupling*...which means when you were tickling your guitar you were also tickling your slinkie!? *Only in potential!* Hahahah!!! Your infinite quantum copies are getting into all kinds of kinks and mischief, eh? *Heheheh.* THERE WE GO, JÓÓÓÓÓÓÓS!!!!!!! GOOD THINKING, JÓÓÓÓÓÓÓS!!!!!!! As we approach the 6th-level of the switchbacks, what is your aesthetic assessment of this roaring freeway? *Hm.* YOU were exactly DOWN THERE...nestled in our dry rocky lake! You still see it! Your attenuated physical resonance persists DOWN THERE...RIGHT NOW: in those exact geocoordinates. *Yours too.* Perfectly correct! I am deeply gladdened by that fact. Now! Please take notice of our pendular shadows coasting toward the 7th-level, look: two carnal continua cutting clay crust...*heh, let's surge once we hit the 7th straightaway, Bert*. Suuuure! Suuuurge is not only nigh, but now uuuunderwaaaay...op-op-op: HERE WE GO!!!!!! UH-OH!!!!! Jós thinks he can win! He thinks cardiac summit won't defeat him again, oh: but it will! IT WILL! Going totally internal. Legs: laborers...primed quads...uh-oh... already going lactic...lethargic, fine: time to recruit crystal-tight calves-achilles-ankles-plantar fascia, come on: push-off more smoothly THERE WE GO...flinging-flicking-frenzying hamstrings, fuck: already luggin slugs, alright: respiratory deficit...lungs sluggin, fuck: he don't seem too taxed...yet you're trudging come on...TIME TO CONSOLIDATE...POTENTIATE YOUR ENTIRE ORGANISM AS ONE HOLISM... yes...yes...you're straining while maintaining, good: strain to maintain...oh fff...uck: heaving heavier...wait: what-the-fuck.....*ol Jós is smiling*...surging: HE'S TRYNA TO TAKE THE RACE RIGHT NOW! Alright: going all-out. 1-v-1. Sure, he took the lead... but now an aggravated mountain lion is tucked behind...Cardiac Summit only 300 meters away. Here we go...at the branching..."Spiral, Jós!"...oh he turns but don't wanna respond! Huffers confronting steep spiral: time to maximize all relevant subsystems: concentrating arm carriage smacking fists down behind hips still elbowing fast, good: decrease stride length...increase cadence...raise knees as needed...strike with forefeet without overextending...but...how...is he still...moving ahead...fucker! You're red-lining! He's gliding away! He's gonna win..."Jós! Stop! Stop your steppin!"

"Hahahah! Here it is: see this? This is the exact location of your first defeat by Cardiac Summit! Hahahah...your first ascent gotcha to max-out your cardiac rate, hah: what a defeat! He couldn't complete it! *Heh, this time I did.*"

Oh heee reeestarted...race-pace initiated...both going silent...he wants the whole fucking cake! He's going for the goddamn gold! He's heaving, oh: heee reeeally thiiinks he can suuurpass his maaaster, nope: grope-the-slope...purge-the-urge...all subsystems ready... SUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGE!!!!!!

now! The final spiral before Cardiac Summit. We're referring to ghosts: perceptually inaccessible auric resonances. Wait: look at these towering weeds! Feel em...*mhm! Think these are bolting horseweeds.*"

"*Sunset soon.*"
"Delectable timing."

"*Ey, Bert: wondering about this.* Oh, hm...hm. *Seems yellowjackets are screening the horseweeds. But where are they coming from?* There! Deep cliff rock crevice...there: yup...honeycomblike organization in there. It's too dark in there to see larvae though: wanna stick your muzzle in there, bwah? *I'll pass! Glad you saw this though: I was about to climb on that rock.* Swarm would've decorated your face! Hahahah! Op! Officially 1 minute till sundown. Let's hit the other side of the hill, *I'm good to run to it...*" nodding-jumping down twin Martian boulders overviewing our wondrous sweet water reservoir buttressed by ranges of coastal desert mountains and clay-coated brushland: commercial planes soaring over us running...surging agaaaain: cadence conspicuously increasing...inching ahead of this musician maintaining his merry peace: smiling behind this pacer's back-glance approaching big barrel cactus nestled among fizzy yellow blooms and dust swirls: biped's still surging for direct view of sunset...higher...higher...back-kick getting loftier! Op! Jós getting antsier about trailing, good: still itching-to-spring behind me, good: I'll initialize...go: wooooooooo... cresting...yeah-yeah-yeah...relaaaaaaax...floating..."yeah...yeeeeAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!"

"Good job, Jós! Gotcha huffin this time!!!!!!!!"
"*Heh.*"

Mmmmmm gusts wisping-up a fizzy frenzy amid mellow brushland...mellow reservoir shores. Last solar flit: lustrous purple glaze gradually giving way to an oak moon.

Resonant quietude among post-racers...acutely attuned to the faint peach-pink tinge... twilight shrouding sunset. Racers turning back to face vast shallows...lonely reservoir... desert mountains...vague strangeness.

"We were way, way the fuck out there, man: 6-7 miles out there *at twilight*, might I add. Olé and I felt something anomalous out there...hopelessness...laced with panic. Desert terror. You wouldn't be able to see us from here: eh, maybe a coupla blotches. Ol Olé wanted a tempo run that day and found himself shrouded by the dense grey haze after the sunset expired: low clouds, grey gravel, sharp-cool atmosphere...brushland turned to shadowland. Two tamed bipeds, one of whom muttered..."*Yo, I'm turning back*"...and in return, heard a toneless huff..."okay"...from Olé...started to accelerate...facial bones started vibrating like xylophone keys. After about 2 minutes of this, I heard a *beep* from

Olé's watch indicating we've just run a 4:40 mile...hahahah...way, way beyond our current capacity, Jós! Regardless, or maybe accordingly, my sensorium went into total fucking pandemonium...I lost sense of where I was...what I was. My conscious mind blanked-out...rebooting only once we neared Cardiac Summit again: drenched and exhausted locomotors. Those twilit coastal desert mountains filled us with a primal terror...so we raced it. Once we were back on Cardiac Summit, all I could think about was going home."

"*Mhm.*"

"By the way, Olé seamlessly reacted to my direction reversal and pace surge. I just gushed fucking rolling over those trail undulations: body underwent vehicularization... *concentrating every available subsystem into totalized locomotion*: just utterless, thoughtless bipedal vehicles bounding-piercing-pummeling that shadowland's dunes. Again, just in case I haven't it hammered home...OUR BODIES BECAME BIPEDAL VEHICLES: TOTALIZED LOCOMOTION: COMPLETE VEHICULARIZATION, JÓS. I'm trying to convey the anomalousness...the vague strangeness. Untethered to its mental emporium, my sensorium was continuous with its locality: structurally and dynamically identical. No mediation. No discretization. Vehicular totalization...fueled by fright. No: it wasn't just fright or panic: the feeling was a fusion of fright and despair. Our primal response probably maybe turned out to be the only viable solution: juggernauts racing terror by regressing to their base case."

"*Mhm. Cardiac Summit was your base case, sounds like.* Yes! Our basic caretaker...I was being drawn to Cardiac Summit as though it was some kind of home. *Mhm.* But hold your jimmies: story continues. There was more to the Bert-Olé tempo run. *Mhm.* We were not fleeing from the desert. Our panic – well, my panic: not sure about Olé – was not a specific fear of, say, being chased-down, assaulted, tortured, or murdered. It was darker...stranger: *desperate despair*. Just feeling permanent dislocation. That searing pace made my arm carriage start *cutting* this frigid smudge-of-an-atmosphere: sludged lungs were in emergency-mode...yearning-yearning-yearning for ambience...AND GETTIN NUTTIN BUT ROTTEN MUTTON, BWAH...HAHAHAH!!!!!! You get it, Jós? *Nes. Yearning for ambience but only getting incessance.* Incessance: perfect way to describe it. Who knows what Olé was going through...he was wordless...drafting...heaving...maybe he felt neutral. Haven't asked him to this day. He might not even recall the goddamn experience! Meanwhile: absolutely zero of this introspection was being verbalized or visualized: zero. No symbols. No images. No pauses. Even these raw descriptions are a denaturation. But if I stopped describing, would this be communicable? *Nes. Heh.* Imagine complete sensation. Zero abstraction. Zero interaction. Full fusion. I am

gesturally and vocally showing you how I felt. But sensation is irreducible to verbalization or even visualization. *You're appealing to verbal and visual forms of general telepathy, which is fully perceptual and therefore accepts all percepts.* Exactly: verbal and visual percepts – including the definition, description, and interpretation of concepts – are relaxed and ramified to the full range of percepts. *Exactly: percept, percipient, and perception become* ***self-dual***. Excellence, Jós! I mean how do you describe the pure sensation of *sharp shuffling*? *Panic sent you into pandemonium.* Except that panic was manic: we probably set a personal record for 5 miles out there! In the middle of an early summer training run! Hahahah! Where verbalization, visualization, and conceptualization cannot communicate vehicular percepts, VEHICULARIZATION IS REQUIRED. *Visceralization*. Linguistic hints are possible, of course. Tactile memory: *heavy heaving*. Visual memory: *smudged granularity*. Aural memory: *sharp shuffling*. Olfactory memory: *chalky sand*. Gustatory memory: *gushing foam*. BUT I STILL CANNOT COMMUNICATE FEELING TOTALLY VEHICULAR WITHOUT JUST CHARGING DOWN THIS HILL AND RACING OUT THERE, **RIGHT NOW**!"

"*Heh, actually, we can.*"

"Not sure I'm sufficiently equipped. You know what's even funnier? When those two Saiyans got back and decelerated, we didn't talk at all: too exhausted and exhilarated. It was when were we were spiraling back down those dusky switchbacks that I looked back at the desert and felt, there it is: desperate despair. *Hopeless terror*. Randomness ascending to the status of dictatorship. Every step was adirectional. I mean, if we went out there right now...now that it's night...what would you feel? *See: you keep attempting to question this anomalous feeling. But the harsher you interrogate, the fainter you integrate. You and Olé felt the ostensible*...ostensible...*contradiction between remoteness and proximity. But this dichotomy is a needless distortion of their* ***perfect concurrence***."

"What?"

"*Every contradiction is* ***self-dualizable*** *into kinetic and potential phases: position and negation, presence and absence, element and complement, composition and transformation.* ***They perfectly concur***."

"Potentiality does not possess logical priority over actuality?"

"*Potentiality* ***is*** *priority, Bert...because what is, concurs. Therefore, actuality, or irreversibility,* ***is*** *posteriority. The prior coherently self-complements as the posterior.* ***The two are one****. In the infinite limit, the unit is all there is.*"

"What is, concurs."

"*Nes. We are separated* ***and*** *connected...dualistic* ***and*** *holistic. Our* ***unique*** *distinction is none other than our* ***universal*** *connection.*"

"If this is true, which I'm still working to process, then isn't some auric resonance of Olé still trudging out there in the desert right now...? Hahahah!!!"

"*Nes. He is-not. Get that?*"

"He is-not."

"Perfect concurrence."

"*Perfect concurrence.*"

Pacific Traffic

Memorial perception: elapsed. Nude dried body facing...inhaling..."mmmhhhhhhh..." "h*uuu*h"...enriching introspectively-inaccessible hemodynamics with mmmmescaline, cannabidiol, cannabigerol, terpenes, tetrahydrocannabinol...mmm...smooooooothening... "mmmmmmhhhhhhhh"..."h*uuuuuuuuuu*h".

"Easy, there! Easy, there!"

Start sinking: fusing floor.

Midafternoon drowsy glue hue..."hue"..."hum"..."mmm"...yum-yum dognuts..."m"... "mmm"...rolling pacific traffic passing blasé bipedal vehicle verging mixing potion rendering locomotion dormant...emotion dormant...no-yes: nes. Sun beaming blooms: beauties heating core organs contouring such pacific traffic. Blanket-bed: excellent. Here comes a lethal familial scene. Uh-oh. No. Yes. Just activity: nes. Learn from vicinity: perfect equanimity permitting bilocation into *the single comfiest time of the summer day*: 5:58 pm...soothed...softened...seated...carpet arena...celestially shady room: **El Cuarto Viejo**...guardian of merry peace...rolling...lighting...burning...blurring indoor clouds

coming from two lofty relaxers inhaling-exhaling green tea-rosemary joints: specially attending to you two auburn coals flaring...blaring...mmhhhhhhhhh...plumes-n-plumes ...pearly minty fumes...elbowed against pastel-green-carpet arena...mushing, hey...hey: mellowman, you there? *Yeh*. You sense light yellow cake icing walls: guardians caking carnal room fusing emotion-laced qualia? *Yeh*. We're situated...enthused...attuned... ghosts: inorganic hosts gusting...inorganic immersion...mellowed-elbowed-statued statures: statues nestled in pacific panorama...no pandemonium...embered rolls: green tea-rosemary...GT-rose, baby...mmm, love it: sweet pungency peeling-twirling-tanging oh-so-rich mist: pearly minty fumes, hah: watch old Jós strong-draw GT sparks, hahah: look at this Gargoyle kissing his crutch, hahahah: what a fucking florid pair of rolls with coiled notecard crutches back-spilling lush luxury, hahahahah: two training Saiyans gusting...ghosts prancing around, yup: you're around...resting in electric-emerald glaze: scents-n-hues-n-flavors fusing...looming summer sunset soon: daze in mellowland: twilit coastal desert trails nestling hidden verdant meadows: all yours. Time-to-tempo! Space-to-room! Object-to-presence! Bipeds going visceral-radial-spherical-sacramental bathing dot-blue sky drenching tar kissing stuffed cones watching wafting winnowing maze...mmmmmhhhhhhhaaa, yeah-yeah: ex-*hhhhhh*-ale...r-e-a-d-y...y-e-s...g-o-o-d..... mmmmmm*hhhhhhhhhh*aaaaaa...shapes-n-shades, Jós, you kn-*oh I know* t...h...i...s afternooooooooned shadowland shading mellowland just uuuuntouuuuchable...mmm... iiiiimpeeeeeccable...iiiincorruuuuptible...scented-colored-flavored-textured-soothed beauties...mmm...boinging light skinny blinds...**wise love**: p-e-r-f-e-c-t-b-l-e-n-d. Free festivities beginning!!!!! Ready? "M. Fully." Me too man, me too. You fused, mellowman? Yup...mmmmmmmm...yup...yum...yyyyyyyeeeeeessssssss melt, mellowman: tip-tap quadriceps nodding-along-sonorities pa-para-pa...pa-para-pa...ma-para-ma...ma-para-ma...beams blending brimming sunroof joining A-frame: chewy cherry rod vaulted ceiling...A-okay...midday at-play full moon bay, yay-yay, hurray! Kid rolling...bathing in legos...inanimate activities... roaming: rooming...**please do not remove us**...yuuuuuuus utterless cumulus mass migration over sandy orange grove gifting fun-n-games, songs-n-stories, jokes-n-dares-n-scares overflowing quaint marine-green layered porch. "Bert, let's go outside." To meet the Gargoyle? Yup. Up...glassy portal: greeeeeeeeeting... opened-ed-ed-ed...meeting ocean breeze bathing swaying eucalyptic giants mmmmm swishing...guarding...informing finer flora...**focus**....rostral-retinal coated petals: jaundiced crowns flailing-spraying near dear-o-dear porch, hey strafer: **YOU ARE THE PORCH**. Yeah? Standing on ledge...of myself. Dive? Wanna harm your noggin? Nah: time to thrive. Pale noon moon-peppered crows squawking-scanning-hording coastal rural enclave for more-more-more gorgeous soil muddied little sticks stirring smooth stones are alive...are alive...are alive beyond your carnal comprehension...inanimates? Nah. There are no inanimates. All are

alive. Uh-oh! All are alive. Nighttime paranoiac tryna get some shut-eye in Los Arcos de Cholula...entrando a las catacumbas...algunas cerradas...energías antiguas...haunted-enchanted...phantasmal man outside the house...chilling outside...for now: waiting whistling hints into our-now-blackened bedroom is wiiiide open for paranormal pleasantries...burying blankets ain't gonna stop it...begging for twilight dawn is my best friend. Maaaade it! Ruffle, yeah: ash the bush: let's go over our...**activities**: (1) *making* holes...(2) making mud...(3) *making* mini tipis taking circular stick borders becoming meditation circles...(4) *making* comfy chairs piling pillows and pillows...(5) *making* elaborate blanket houses...(6) *making* minute-flying paper airplanes...(7) *making* cam recorder films of Mimena and Papertos running by us riding flat boxes sliding down the porch slope. Primordial time taking over. First holes session, ever, where...there: look, right there-here-there at the triple-brick steps spilling into down-sloped yard...but Bert, we'll always do activities, right? *Of couuuurse* we will! Nah! Nah! You'll probably forget about them! I feel the curse coming. Not ever. Never. Forever will I remember. You knew: remembered every single secret spot, stone, stick, mud lake, bug, bird, plant, place, strange emotions even extremely ethereal morning ones dimming dismal midday convulsing...magical forest hosting gargoyles, gnomes, fairies, goblins, ghosts, elementals, shadowlanders...many, many other paranormal residents...subtly chiming-in...climbing-in, good: Time to *diiiiive* head ducking...uh-oh...crunching cheerio-neck plunged among carefree minerals... broiling sideburns, come on: pop-up...yup: race-to-the-fence...checkpoint unlocked, yup: here's that tan stone, yup: inert for years...turn it over *overwhelming black salamander* staying alive by t...h...i...s **soiled-saliva-streaming-amid-arid-yard l-l-l-licking-ing-ing *mmm* dripping white milky cactus sap *mmmm* puncturing secreting *mmmmmmmm* minty steam coating veined ankle: Gargoyle admiring toasty-salty knees pl-pl-*please* breeze bronze breath warmth...welcome, handsome: betting on pleasance or malfeasance? Chest chuuuurning chloroplastic toes puncture rotund tomatoes *run-run-running* gigantic cactus trunk: monstrosities spawning sappy branches spurting holy white blooms among you legging juggling messy tentacles gaaaaa-yaaaaa take the chance! Jump: *success...pull-up-up-up-up eucalyptic trunk yup-higher-up: here*. Higher. Here. Higher. Here...pensive hysteria. Breezing arboretum. Gargoyle sharpshooting marine-layered porch bulges over heavenly yard. Gargoyle nudging dipping diving** draaaaaaaaaafting.....paper airplane: *smoothglider*...go-go-go-go-go-go...wooooooooooooooooooooooo!!! Perform your laminar-undular-lenticular CYCLICITY guuuuuuust coasting mini aerodynamization noooo-nother guuuuuuuuuuuust liiiiiifting...swelling wait no-no-nooooo, fuck: **going over yard fence** into raspy alley fuuuuuuuuuuck unstoppably descending **outside of heaven** buuuuuuuuuuuuuut beauuuuuuuuuuuutifully guuuuuuuuuust-*ing-ing-ing-ing-ing-ing yuuuuuuuuuuuuup wooooooooooooooooo* aero-looooping upward

around fence facing **my-very-own** **HEAVENLY YARD** wait: uh-oh, going wobbles...uh-oh...uh-ohhhhhhhh...descent incom-op-op-op *craaaaashing* fancy figurine landed: among hundreds of green crawlers sprinkling orange tree twigs clearly thriving behind alternating alfalfa-asparagus bush-line flowering cute pinkies bumbling fluffy florets parsing pool rays. Emerald verdancy behind bush-line. Op!!! Yup!!! Mimena saw us!!! He's peekin!!! He's chargin!!! He's bargin!!! Commence countdown: go-go-go. 3!!! 2!!! 1!!! **HERE HE IS**!!!!!!!!!!!! *Juuuuuuump* AH-HAHAHAHAHAH look-at-him, HAH: MISSED ME: submerged...underwater uproar your raw throat *screaming* bubble swarms: last laught. Yana está afuera-de-la-alberca corriendo... brincó...nadando. Ma arriba...pisada...aneurisma.[39]

Blip. Lunge...lope....looooooping...groooooooooping ta-ta-ta-table able...*trying to...move*... THERE YOU GO BABY!!!!! Bed peekin back. Huh? Hey...yeh. What-ya-up-to, Lampy dancing-zipping-divvying around room!!!!! Hah!!!!! Gotcha!!!!! Not it...damn that was fast. Gonna getcha again! Gonna getcha! Hah! Not it. Game over. **Game over.** Fuck floor you're shifting *streaming* mini alebrije[40] festivities going on down there, huh: someone new. Someone new in the bathroom. WANT SOMETHING!? AH!? You: standing snake staring bending face inching mirror...nailing-at big boils...sowing needle nozzle tickling ssssssoap fffffoaming...tile bronze skin bursting cloudy pus, hey gushy: "I hear you"... hey...hey...yeh...yeh...clawing door, op: we've got a tumble-dore! OP!!! WE'VE GOT A TUMBLE-DORE!!! Look at him flailing...frailing...failing: HAHAHAHAHAHAH!!!!!!!!!! Floor is fully yours, fiend! Fucking fiend! Floor is your single door. Nothing more! Hah! NOTHING MORE THAN FOOTSTEPS WASHING AWAY ON A LONG-FORGOTTEN SHORE!!!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

"Fuck...u*hh*a...u*hh*a...u*hhh*a...u*hhhhh*a...ha*hhhhh*...*hahahah*!?"..."What're you giggling about, Timmy? Think you got the answer?"

"Hahahahah...Timmy thinks he knows the answer and yet can't count his own toes."

Wobbled-out, huh: hah...who cares...neck went atrophic...homeostatic. Legs drenched... biochemical byproduct of experiential chaos.

[39] Yana is-outside-the-pool running...she jumped...swimming. Ma upstairs...floored…aneurysmal.

[40] An "alebrije" (n) is colloquially known in Mexican folk art as a "non-human spirit guide". Its roles are to ignite inspiration, ensure protection, encourage emotional integration, and curate philosophical contemplation.

Pearly apartment had white patchy shadows upon your abrupt arousal..."that's a little odd, don't you think, Mr. Todd?"

"Um, Mr. Todd? What were you doing over there?"
"Uh...um. I was just getting a deep itch."
"Well stitch-it-up! We're on the clock!"

Analog clock pulsing apartment charming with rhythmic repetition.

4:08 pm. Gargoyle legs were just...juggling mammoth cactus branches in that haunted-enchanted house, no: hovering above em...scraping spines: pain-free? Gargoyle huffed-up 3-4-5 levels of branches: hit the tree crest...glazed the yard: peering at...wait: dipped down...started gliding, yes-yes: "the smooth-glider", hah: your *best paper plane*: cyclic undulations...Gargoyle became the smooth-glider and got gusted...swelling over yard's fence...soaring through yellow alley...getting a favorable turnaround baaack into that heavenly patio's wistful giants...descending-plunging-puncturing orange tree, hm: yeah populated with aphids approaching...teleport: in pool playing with Yana...Ma's dead upstairs: face-fixed...aneurysmal collapse.

Park Deluxe

Reticular consciousness: back online. Elbowing blanket-bed. Groggy legs: thrust-right-the fuck-up! Let's go, biped.

Morning luster got glossed. Welcome, carefree friends, to mellowland: where perfect mystery holds sway. It's way, way better than shadowland! That's where you'll sink into desperate despair...forever.

Hit the park? Just like mourning...park dotted with lollipop trees: nebula-purple, brick-red, pear-yellow, coal-orange, evergreen, mmmmmmm: oh, he wants...to...there you go...search for those...keep going: forked dandelion petals. Park occupying iiidentical geocoordinates. Blotchy playground...with its smooth misty slope...is persisting-ing-ing.

What's so attractive about the "ing"? "That's the real bling, baby!" Time or money? Hah! Easy choice!

"Honey, wanna hoard more funny-money?"
"I don't care what you call it! We need a new kitchen, Todd!"

Rostral reticle going toddler, hah: targeting salient sections of apartment already bustling around for jeans and carnival-orange "racing flats" flapping open luggage, yup: why unpack for your final departure, sir?

Indeed.

Now for your black fleece chaired exactly where reticle slumped-n-snoozed off "way too much lingual lag"...reticle..."talking"...over long-ago-learned procedural operations: lacing Sunkist orange nooses through two loose bows...whose nifty tuck concludes this anonymous uniform.

Exited Unit 315: numeric arbitrarity remains geo-fixed and carefree, of course: behind biped...pendular quick-clicking...across occult hallway...could set up a séance in here... to the bewilderment of passing inhabitants...phantom-man arriving at occult stairwell entering-stepping-diddling pedals down concrete increments: boom-boom-boom.

"*Op. Looks like Jeanny ain't at his desk, good: up to his own activities...maybe off the clock.*"

Outside: absorb municipal onslaught. Bipedaling becoming bounding called "running": pendula float-dip-strike-spike-back-up alongside motor-vehicular river nowwwwwww grinding-to-a-halt thanks to this misbehaving pedestrian! Fevered faces: get-the-fuck-out-of-my-way...past em: pendular flow re-igniting...wondrous wind..."ahhhhh"...crisp cuts: my-oh-my! Running becoming racing: here we go..."*hh*uh"..."*hh*uh"..."*hh*uh"... "*yh*up"..."*yh*up"..."*yh*up"...yup: there they are...rotundas: robins feasting on lollipop tree droppings and other groundlings.

Gargoyle: get em...come on...boost-up, yup: no, I said boost-the-fuck-up..."yuuuuuup" incoming barriers: park entrance..."*hhhhhh*ah"...easing...coasting...arriving: in it. Yeah? Yeah: park attraction..."*resulted in this exact interaction*." Robins promptly disturbed by this predatory biped...regardless of deceleration. What if it were to present you with

scrumptious seeds!? Whatev-continuing...incoming ballast point: calm crest. Lotsa dogs barking kumbaya. Gargoyle hears distant children...perhaps forming happenstance friendships. Playground located: multi-bushed splotch: firetruck-red...mustard-yellow ...royal-blue hues.

Ostensibly, Gargoyle is none other than "an anonymous adult male which entered the park by way of accelerated bipedal bounding...in the process of which he evaded the river rapids of motor vehicles and interrupted the feeding time of some avian vehicles. He is now focusing on the vocalization of..."

"Hm. Your use of natural language is *going formal*: mildly interesting."

"Linguistic and other mental operations, for that matter, appear to be *going formal*."

"Physical operations permit the *visceral* study of *symptomologies*."
"Mental operations permit the *formal* study of *symbologies*."
"Emotional operations permit the *magical* study of *synchronicities*."

"Structural symptomization."
"Dynamical symbolization."
"Magical synchronization."

"Which to privilege? Wait, no."

"Interoperate: physical symptomology, mental symbology, and emotional synchronicity to the point of jointly quantizing them into a single structure."

"Yes, a *self-dual quantum*: element|relation|operation...sympom|symbol|symphony."

"Yes, symptom, symbol, and synchrony are *self-dual*: maximal generalization and minimal specialization through the same structure: stricture. All dualities regress to the same ontological singularity...but not a physical or *spacetime singularity*...and not even a mathematical singularity."

"Ontological singularity."

"Dualities...pluralities...infinities...unite *without loss*."

"Gargoyle is...sharpshooting...twin pines: twin primes."

"*Hahahah an anonymous adult male is murmuring what amount to psychedelic ramblings*."

"Indeed, he is now palming the twin pines: you botanical animates."

Children to-the-left. Hey, keep an eye out for that man to your right. He's up to something. What? I don't know. Something just isn't right about him. He seems to be petting the tree bark...correct: he's analyzing the outer trunk conducting nutrient bulk flow from heartwood storing sugars-n-oils...yum...secreting exquisite sap for tasting and infusing. Wait, Jenny, oh my God. He's now putting his face on the bark: is he... kissing it? Wait: OH MY GOD! HE'S SQUATTING TO GO TO THE...! Courtney! Parker! Let's go! This place is no longer safe. Hey, you: STOP THAT. That is just...NOT OKAY. NOT OKAY! This is a public playground. Why would you do that? What a fucking freak. PEOPLE LIKE YOU SHOULD NOT EXIST.

Gargoyle is indeed crouched in a squat-n-plop position. Thinking about it, actually. Do it! Why not? Simple: illegal behavior. Won't want that. Oh, no-no-no: won't want that! Can't as easily deactivate from a jail cell, can ya? Ah? Need to maintain legal freedom for the decisive deed!

"Besides, this last hurrah is somewhat amusing."

Gargoyle claws clenching shoe-internal pebbles: you little ~~inanimates~~ tingling this incarnate's "experiential state" is, as of this very moment but not for long, non-nullary

and therefore qualitatively distinct from ~~yours~~. Spring right up boy boing-ing, op: he's bounding agaiiiin strike-strike-strike, good: en route to calm crest. High-kneeing, good: just turkey-trotting...already cresting...purging afternoon lethargy, good: go grope the slope, good: faster, come on pogo-legs...faster...good! Time to infuriate your turnover sir...sire...squire won't expire before going hayyywiiire..."*HAH*"..."*HAH*"... "*HAH*"... "*yh*up"..."*HAH-yh*up"..."*HAH-yh*up"..."*HAH-yh*up"..."*yhuuuuuup*"..."whew!!!"

"Go fucking nutty"..."Pa"..."Ma"..."Ya"..."Pa"..."Ma"..."Ya"..."Pa"..."Ma"..."Ya"..."Pa"..."*uuhhhhah...uuhhhhah.....uuhhhhah... uuhhhhah*...not...fast...enough...I said go fucking nutty"..."hh*uu*hh*uu*hh*uu*hh*uu*hh*uu*hh*uu*hh*uu*hh*uu*hh*uu*hh*uu*hhaaaa...hhahh...yah" haaalting..."hu*hhhh*-hu*hhhh*-hu*hhh*-hu*hh*"..."huhh"..."huhhhh"..."hah...hahah..hahahah."

"Hahahaha! Halting problem: solved!"

"This is Chet Ubetcha with BIG NEWS! A sprinting Gargoyle has non-algorithmically solved the halting problem! How, you ask? He's simply generalized the context in which problems, processes, and solutions are jointly quantized!"

"Ready? Here we go."

"The metamathematical generalization of algorithmic to organismic decision-making, in turn, generalizes the mechanically-stratified property of *undecidability* to...to...to...the generatively stratified property of *self-decidability*; where (a) algorithms correspond to statistical-mechanical organisms and (b) all non-algorithmic or metaphysical organisms are regressed to the uniting|limiting or *systemically self-referential organism*."

"What's this word salad good for, sir?"

"Hah! Open up any science or mathematics textbook and, equipped with zero technical training, behold healthy helpings of word salad. Every single term can be defined, described, and interpreted in progressively excruciating detail."

"Then please continue with your word salad, sir."

"Applying this self-dual or unit|limit-level reasoning to number theory and functional analysis, numerical and functional *uncomputability* may be likewise generalized to ontological *protocomputability*, an ultimate form of clopenness which (1) propositionally *defines*, (2) predicatively *describes*, and (3) model-theoretically *interprets* the (1)

generation, (2) composition, and (3) transformation of every non-algorithmic organism or, if one prefers, *protocomputer*."

"So, instead of terminological vacuity, you resort to terminological superfluity?"

"Hardly. This can be radically simplified. For example, randomness is a terminological proxy for *structurelessness*. To the exact extent that existence is *some* mechanical, dynamical, and ontological structure, the following statement is sound and valid: *structurelessness cannot exist*. Nonexistence negates...its own generation, composition, and transformation: it self-negates and therefore cannot exist. Its definition, description, and interpretation effect simultaneously self-negation."

"Universal Turing Machines or UTMs, along with their notation-differentiated and hardware-differentiated mathematical equivalents, represent the simplest or base case of a protocomputer. So-called *hypercomputers*, originally formulated as Oracle Turing Machines or OTMs, are none other than UTMs whose linearly-finite yet unbounded tapes and storage modules are relaxed to their linearly infinite or nonterminating variants: *they involve the linear mechanization of infinity*. Where a UTM's tape is stated to be 'linearly infinite in both directions', implying linear time-symmetry, and where its physical implementations are restricted to finite states, finite instruction tables, and finite alphabets...*they are barred from directly accessing the nonlinear nature of infinity*."

"*Hahahahah*!"

"Where all computational instantiations of infinity are recognized as either intrinsically *finitized* or *mechanized* and therefore intrinsically restricted to linearly bounded or unbounded sequences, so too are statically complete sets or spaces, or both."

"The question becomes: is infinity itself a terminological proxy for *randomness*...or for *dynamical self-generativity*?"

"You'll find out, without a doubt, upon terminal redaction...which doubles as a *nonterminal retraction*."

"Hah."

"Okay."

Just now, children and their supervisors saw a tall slender man abruptly charge over this geofreeway...murmuring to himself...now standing at mossed stairs...dog-panting... supervising a dog park teeming right beside casually...maturely chatting adults...lightin some cigs to curb-the-nerves...decompress-the-stress lingering from work. You also enduring the triple-whammy? The sinister trinity?

Anxiety: future: flight.
Distress: present: fight.
Depression: past: freeze.

But no worries, you got doggies: cheerful, trusting vehicles move like frisbees...breathe with yippees! Not quite so distinct from this human dog racing to his calm crest... jugulars still thudding...op...op...he's starting to turkey-trot again, yup: racing flats strike-push-off-into-back-kick-re-spawn-striking...pelvic-girdle stabilizing pectoral-brachial carriage..."aghhh"...shriveling-shivering-sniveling from tempestuous gust: second chill iiincomiiing...yet he continues...striding upslope toward his calm crest ...redundant gain of "h*u*hp"..."h*u*hp"..."h*u*hp"..."h*u*hp-up-up" children wrapping-up their frenzies around the playground: adults-on-guard. No problem. It's fine, Nancy. He's leaving. He's jogging away. Yeah, see: he's jogging away. Good: we don't want him anywhere near us. Why don't you just call 911 on him? Look: now he's lingering up there. Where? At the top of the hill. Wait: he's looking at us. Yeah, I'm calling. Hey, uh, there is a suspicious young male sprinting back-and-forth around Ringer Playground. Can you send a dispatch over here to get him? He seems unstable. He's a lanky-looking male, yeah: brown skin...black hair...about 6 feet tall.

Yeah: that anonymous male is sharpshooting you from his calm crest...his ballast point: he will soon race to the playground and snatch your children...permanently locking them in an undisclosed location...never to be seen again. Right? Right? Fucking idiots.

Intellect and its formal faculties...still proudly splashing around in the shallows...NOT YET **PLAYING** ATTENTION.

Sharpshooter dislocating-bilocating...a residential complex of building code-compliant units furnished and installed with biped-usable appurtenances: thermal, electrical, hydromechanical appliances...floored-filtered-cushioned-kitchenated with other niceties: commodities: inorganic cooking-eating-cleaning utensils-gadgets...other miscellaneous household items: interchangeable clothing items forming outfits-on-outfits-on-outfits...to-to-to...exhibit...my-my-my...curated persona-s-s-s strutting around different arenas of logistical, professional, and recreational curation. That sum it up?

"Yup."

Sharpshooter migrating behind his calm crest: ensconced in this arboreal auditorium... feeling forehead fuzz...ears: bushy...ashy...nails itching to scrape coral corneas would instantly recoil at pointless harm: delicate globular vitreous monitoring fickle little carnal digits hovering over us...nearing...nearing...yes, we can harm you...we can...we can...right here, right now. It's time.

"Mhhhhhhhhh"..."*hhhhhhhhh*aaaa"...yawning-out burnt herbal fumes: "unlike sativa, which is for your mournings, indica soothes biped back to Newtonian intuitions of ma-ma-motion." Need more ordinarities. Trip getting a little intense, Mr. Newton? Keep kissing your indica: soothing seductress. Welcome...cool plumes who lighten-soften-soothe..."*mmmm*...hm"..."khm-khm"...my daylong-weeklong-monthlong-yearlong-lifelong nausea: desperate despair.

"A calm man, no longer nauseous, is the current caretaker of this arboreal auditorium."

"Vehicle feels extremely *supple*."
"Intellect feels extremely *subtle*."
"Spirit feels extremely *humble*."

"Vehicle: prone to future-oriented *anxiety*."
"Intellect: prone to present-oriented *distress*."
"Spirit: prone to past-oriented *depressions*."

Here: hands nearing now ascertaining this single brown oblong pebble: inanimate amid millions-billions-trillions-quadrillions...n-illions of inanimates: non-organisms: matter bodies bonded by intermolecular forces...intramolecular forces...atomic forces...sub-atomic forces..."*without intrinsic utility-seeking capacity*."

"Or...are you alive? Obviously not in a scale-restricted biological sense. Are you live in a metaphysically-generalized sense which is as yet unfamiliar to me?"

"Yes."

"Are you alive in a sense generalized beyond biology?"

"Yes."

"Does our swarming scientific community comprehend, or even care to entertain, such a generalization?"

"Consciously, no."
"Sensuously, yes."

"Then, the answer is nes...*nes*."

"Are ordinarities incarnate or inanimate? Nes."

Vapor migrating over a..."calm man"...feeling...yes-oh-yes..."feeling perfect pleasance for ordinary activities. Ordinarities: organism-level perceptualities."

"Ordinarities, I love you."

"This ordinary park is handsomely flowing with more and more ordinarities."

"Sundown is an emerald-blued peach pie...baking...modern skyline."

Walk...to study the "viscerodynamics" of your own enspirited-intellect in locomotion: pandemonium soothed into cranial-facial-rostral-corporeal-sacramental ra-ra-ra-diation conforming-contouring-gushing emporium of ordinarities-on-ordinarities. Oh? You doubt their own viscerodynamics? Still think they're indifference is total? Flexing pecs... palms yearning for jobs-to-do, okay: so go push your lower ribs inward...dorsal-tendons articulating lunar fingernails. Neck feels carrotlike. Pectorals flick-up-arms-re-igniting bipedal gait engaged in nonchalant concert. Irrelevance?

Pleasance. Gait flitting introspectively-indiscernible interstitial chaos: indiscernible on the organism-level of sensation, mentation, emotion...except as nebulous interoceptions. Intellect is finally starting, to repeat, starting...to PLAY **PARANORMAL** ATTENTION.

"Play paranormal attention: perceive hauntings|enchantings."

"Physical sensation is *visceral*. Mental sensation is *logical*. Spiritual sensation is emotional or, in the paranormal sense, *magical*."

Gait halting watching a phantom-man...mentally radiating from this physically stationary biped smiling-n-hiding behind bush blurring dogs going on a sprinting spree!

Uh, yes, officer, there here is again...that stranger standing behind the bush, look: he's scanning our activities. Yes, ma'am, he is studying your ordinarities. Let him do his job.

"Yes, ma'am, I am a humble student of ordinarities."

"Actually, sir, your studying is complete, and your testing is ready to commence."

Where are you squirrels..."oh, here you are", hah: nutty acrobats scratchin twin pine trunks: just twitchin around. Biped senses a courting ritual! Good luck! "Hahah!" There you go, courters! Gargoyle is baaack! Clavicles swaying fungible pogo-prongs engaging yellow-green rasp called "fall grass"..."Gargoyle is baaack"...grabbin fallen flaccid needles, op: twitchin-to-look-up...could you huff up this pine trunk if a large feline was sprintin for your hot carne? Yup. Gargoyle crouch-walkin next to now-deserted tar microcosm: sparrows seem to be singing-courting too. Limit your grin...grackles and crows joining...mobilizing their forces...cackling up a fucking ruckus!!!

Wait. Wait.

Stalemate

There you are: gutsy...holy...nutty...scanning...nearby Gargoyle: stitching his hands to yellow-green rasp...visual apparatus shifting...hitting socket's rotational limit: carrot-neck deployed...yes...there you are: nutty acrobat...glaring...undergoing analytical paralysis. Your little arms twitchin. "*Your steely beads are locked into mine, yes: this is a stalemate*." Gargoyle zipping fleece, wait: no...oh...you thankfully maintain after almost fleeing..."*hahahah*"...blinkless...matching postures, op: acrobat drops: goes quadruped aaand there you go attempt to court your proper mate: makes perfect sense. Why get embroiled in our stalemate? Well, if you get rejected, it's back to plucking and burying acorns for the winter, huh: you have your own ordinarities to take care of. Better get back to hunting for those little yellow florets before the twilight shroud descends.

Twilit Meadow

"Ahhhh...yes-yes-yes...meadow sprinkled with silvered delectables."

Dandelions. No more sharpshooting! Get em. Bright five-blade fork petals being caressed..."by my very own fingers"...palming-wristing-forearming-shouldering... feeling friendship: gusts shivering these divinities...Gargoyle cued to lie down and cement our friendship.

Grassed back. Big ol bumbler stocking up on pollen down here: you're welcome to land on my forehead next, friend.

Recess memories. Every single morning: student emerged from that tan hallway jumping over triple-step...landing-running-racing-launching pre-folded *high-beamer*: printer paper airplane peaking...sweeping above playground trees...assembler cheering

it on from below. Then assembler unleashed pre-folded *smooth-glider* floating in undular spirals "which you *experienced* in your nap dream".

White butterfly brushed by forehead: legs already ignited-flicking-marching for you baaack upslope, yup: trailing your mini teleportations, oh: you're evading so...I'm elevating...brisk breeze, jeez: please-oh-please just...land-land-land...hhh...hovering... descending...grazing dandelion seedheads...oh...yes-yes-yes...you precious perfection luxuriating on florets...closer...closer...pursuer stepping slowly...diagnostically. You are still...flowerbound...so tranquil "oh"..."fuck"..."you"..."hahaha"..."of couuuurse you fly-off."

What a brief friendship...crows: ushers of twilight. Ordinarities getting shrouded... lollipop trees...cake houses...off-limits electrical equipment...roadside gutters...dump trucks...loose trash...discarded cigarettes...construction zones...claxons...slides...swings... stairs...rails...signs...benches...fences...frowns...winces from human inhabitants..."which I will circumvent by looping around *while whispering*."

"*Gargoyles galore*."

A few vocally active at the dog park: standers with lit cigs to buzz the bored or bad mood. Shall you join them? Nah. I have no canine companion. An uninvited man shan't enter: blue-smudged dog park.

"*Imagine an uninvited man entering the arena, suddenly going quadrupedal, and crawling over to the owners...expecting you to unflappably engage this approaching nutcase, look at this: what-th-f-*!? *He's crawling quickly at us, wait: what the actual fuck!? Hahahahah!*"

"*That's the actual fuck, friends...and I'd expect a pat just as my fellow canines do, of course*."

"*Uh-oh. What's wrong, John? You feel a sudden-onset neurological malfunction? Hey. What's going on!?*"

"*Look, Bill: I like to eat, I like to shit, I like to sleep, I like to spend, and I like to fuck. Huh: same*."

"*When a man dies, his existence is experientially identical to that of an inanimate room*."

"*Accordingly, a dead man* ***is*** *an inanimate room*."

"*Hahahahah!*"

Meanwhile: circumventing other loitering men.

Loop...concluding: foggy lamp glow: caretakers.

NO TRESPASSING AFTERHOURS: 10 pm - 6 am. Thanks for the legal warning: municipal ordinarity.

Vacant cars...op: except for this one...coulda peeked-back to inspect your ongoing suspicious activities, sir: no worries: not a cop: not gonna turn around and start banging on your window claiming a life-or-death emergency.

Hi, ma'am: maintaining walkway..."sorry"..."no problem"...glad that won't cause a problem for us, ma'am. "Op!" Smirker's toe curb-crashed: almost tripped...ramp-up-your-vehicular-reflexes, good: sharpen vehicular precision.

Conductors: racers waiting for green light cues ignition: golden cherries tinging sherbet sky.

"M."

Inanimacy

"*Sir, there is no need to whisper*. You are not being recorded or prosecuted"...flinging forward poaching checky pedestrians...appearing bewildered, hah: smirker sliding past you with 8...7...6...5 seconds left...2...1...complete. Still somewhat surprised by that eager dud just bolting into incoming traffic...almost getting splattered: racers delete you...and race away. Understand? Gonna spurt another smirk at that? Ah?

Bottomline: don't fuck with the motor-vehicular river rapids.

Twilight shroud cues orange streetlamps: zappers.

Thoughtless walk home: excellent. Jeanny at his post: excellent. Gonna chat? Nah... preoccupied: wave-n-walk...iiiing...good: made it: occult stairwell...doorknob reflects a skinned tarantula clutching-rotating-unclutch-ed "*koi*" fish recoil-ed: huff-up rest-of-the-steps, yup: quite quickly hitting vacant hallway stepping over purple-nurple carpet lit by waffle cones. Here we are. Unit 315. Wallet? Wait....."fuck".....ah, yeah: key located in wallet...activate entrance "to find a clone sitting in here".

"Remember the no-cloning theorem: dual to the no-deleting theorem."

"No-cloning. No-deleting."

"No cloning implies *uniqueness*. No deleting implies *foreverness*."

"And yet, inanimacy is non-experiential. Panpsychism has to be false...has to be false."

"Twin chairs, wooden table, appliances, utensils, gadgets...cannot independently select new macroscopic locations. YOU HAVE **ZERO** EXPERIENCE."

"You cannot meaningfully transform your internal structures or environments."

“You, along with your molecular, atomic, and subatomic components, are simply non-experiencers.”

“YOU ARE SIMPLY **NON-EXPERIENCERS**.”

“Experience is peculiar to a small class of multicellular organisms. Eh, maybe unicellular organisms have some highly homogeneous experience. Maybe. But all pre-biotic and non-biotic systems are non-experiencers. Therefore, the irreversible organismic deactivation or termination of a human vehicle YIELDS THE **SAME NON-EXPERIENCE** AS THAT OF STELLAR, PLANETARY, LUNAR AND MORE GRANULAR ABIOTIC VEHICLES.”

“That’s that.”

“However, the choice to either pointlessly continue or self-terminate...remains.”

“Hey, table: I’m talking to you. Hello?”

“Sir, what are you expecting of this inanimate in response to your sound wave emissions other than vehicular persistence?”

“You are not structurally, functionally, and aesthetically null: carefree of your properties. You are beyond indifference. YOU HAVE NO EXPERIENCE OF EXISTENCE.”

“Okay. I can, and am about to, cause a carefree cup to crash and shatter...”

“K*shh*.”

“Cool. There. Shards remain available.”

“Available for what, sir?”

“Vehicular deactivation: stillness...blankness...foreverness.”

“Your choice: to remain temporarily incarnate or become forever inanimate: to do...or...to be.”

“Incarnates, as they locomote, sensorially-radiate symptoms and memorially-resonate phantoms: envoys and decoys.”

Lovely thoughtlessness: approximates ~~non-experience~~: inanimacy.

“A lone phenomenologist: 32-year-old human organism is not reading or writing, but rather, speaking...to...inanimates.”

Atrophy

Dusk invading apartment.

“Just out there: felt better. Something about being around them...helped.”

“Failure”...“hahah”...“GOING AT IT AGAIN”...salivating drips...“p!”...nice spit, yeah: fuck you. “AGAIN AND AGAIN...TRYING~~stop~~TRYING~~stop~~TRYING~~stop~~TRYING TO STATICALLY STRUCTURE **THIS EXACT ACTIVITY**.”

“Fucking failure.”

“Sir, you do comprehend that deactivation would ‘put a stop’ to the feeling of failure, correct?”

“And what? Become inanimate forever? Lose my single chance to be incarnate?”

"Sir? Have you not already established the fundamental pointlessness of an incarnation?"

"My parents, sister, and brother are forever inanimates. Their experience is permanently extinguished. That's that. But are they fundamentally pointless?"

"Sir, you do comprehend that their significance hinges on the active status of your incarnation, correct?"

"Pa...was run over by a car on his way to court: deactivated at age 66."
"Ma...suffered a fatal aneurysm: deactivated at age 37."
"Ya...yielded to leukemia: deactivated at age 11."

"Their biosystems were irreversibly corrupted, and their experience perished like overdue fruits and vegetables! What's the problem? Ah?"

"Grief: pointless pain."

"Fundamental pointlessness..."

"M."

"M...ffffuck."

"M...mmmm"..."M...*u*h-*u*h"..."*u*h"..."*u*h...h*u*h"..."k*jh*m"..."k*jh*m"..."k*jh*mmmm"..."m"... "m"..."m"..."m"..."m"..."m"..."m"..."m"..."m"..."m"..."mhm"..."mhm"... "mmmmhmmmm."

"Nice little pointless cry."

"That's that."

"Yes, sir: that *is* that: A = A...pointless tautology."

"Well, biped waltzing into this strip kitchen, hm: chock-full of deadly utensils ripe-n-ready for palms to potentiate."

"Kitchen presenting five...ten...tools of deactivation. Take your pick! Right here. Hey look. Hey. Hi. Thanks, cake knife. What's after this?"

"Foreverness."

Mirage for the depressed or desperate?

"Sir, you are hesitating to deactivate. Why? Do you fear the pain associated with the hopefully brief process of deactivation? Why else? Non-experience awaits. You will be-not."

“Nothingness is an assumption.”

“Yes, an assumption which is excellently supported by all human-known physics.”

“Ah, all *human*-known physics?”

“Correct, sir...physics which, dare I add, far exceeds your current comprehension.”

“So, you mean to suggest that finitary physical findings together qualify as a comprehensive description of experience?”

“To the exact extent that finitary physical findings underlie all experiential findings and therefore qualify as fundamental, yes.”

“Deactivation may very well generalize your *physically-parametrized* experience to a *mathematically-parametrized* experience: from material body to immaterial body.”

“In which case...?”

“What you know as *human experience* may...may...be a physics-dependent phenomenon whose deactivation is, as a matter of mathematical fact, a redaction which cues a physics-independent retraction.”

Dark Auditorium

Heading back to park...eager for dark dwelling-dangling-dancing delirium.

“Suited-up: ready to go.”

“It helped.”

Outside: ignite stride. Foggy lamp glow: caretaker. Apartment window: caretaker. Skulker now prancer forefooting-hamstringing-kneeing-forearming...dropping wrist carriage...digits dangling.

“Ornate running form, sir.” Thank you: bijective foot-strike...bijective back-kick... boinging-ing-ing...“iiiing”...“progressiiiiing”...“speakiiiiiing”...“singiiiiiiing”...“carnal powers consooooooooolidatiiiiiiiiing”...“inteeeeeeeeensifyiiiiiiiiiing karmic cadence.”

“This is activity.”

Delicate encasement entered park: could've snapped shins into 5-barriers...surging-soaring-storming uphill: cloud exodus rover over calm crest. No robins to greet entry. Aurally registering other delicate encasements scratching brushland: nimble acrobats trekking over leaf-parchments...clasping bark...huffin up trunks...yearning to join you in your arena...dank atmosphere down here..."ey"..."ey nutties"..."was it one of you engaging me in a stalemate earlier?"

"It appears the past is stalking you around in this dark auditorium, sir."

Wait. Detecting another human encasement: trekking...skulking...hovering around lower sector...undesired presence. No matter.

"Uh?"
"Hahah startled by regularly scheduled electrical-installment zapped"..."*zzt*"...fellow trekker arriving shortly: fine...wincer preparing for potential altercation, hah: yup...here he comes...to greet a statue.

Aaaaand here he is..."hi"...unreactive to greeting, wow: "*hahah...hahahah*"..."*the fuck is up with this one?*"

"Hey, hunchy: how about I *lethally* ambush you? Want that?"

"There you go, you fucking waste"..."maybe couldn't even detect this statue. Maybe tree trunks look like indistinct rods to you, hunchy. Maybe your neocortex is barely functioning! Congrats!"

"Sir, may I remind you that you, a purported statue, were startled by the activation of a regularly scheduled electrical-installment?"

"Yeah."

"Well, time to exit this dark auditorium."

Marching carrying aching digestive system, fuck: been badly deprived. Stomach stinging...intestines churning...get-back-to-the-streets: need to eat.

Playground vacancy: plastic-metallic inanimacy.

Dusk at the playground: another imaginary painting. Who cares.

Running: let legs go-pogo, good: quicken cadence..."come on"...boost...another one please, good: thank you..."yeh...yehhh...yehhh...sssssssssss"..."s"..."s"..."s" ..."strike sidewalk harmful to certain microorganisms"..."come on...sharpen...again...good"... "*HHAA*"..."*HHAA*"..."*HHAA*"..."*HHAA*"..."*HHAA*"...huffer reaching quaint streets teeming cherry-gold beams...walkers-talkers together "striking up an orchestra of ordinarities"...of course: Saturday night. Majority of personnel are off-the-clock...except service personnel. Fuck: stomach worsening...contorting inward...stinging spasms, fuck: harmed vital organ. No worries! Jeanny's gotchu! You'll slam something at **Pastelería Vitoria**...please alleviate this severe stinging...spiking..."fucking vehicle". Inadequate caloric intake since...yesterday afternoon...except for nutritionless soot at **Dunkin Dognuts**...besides: commercial facades lined up...choose your form of recreation and consumption, hah: eagerly welcoming entry to any transactors-customers carrying cash or a functional proxy attached to an active account with sufficient legal tender being examined by this dissociated hand-wrist-neck-face: jaundiced eyes. Look at this fleeced wincer swinging-flicking-flapping hands "op"..."sorry"..."no w-"...accidental standoff: whatever, Larry.

Made it.

Pastelería Irene

Countered.

"Hello, sir!"
"Hello, ma'am."
"Are you to stay? Or go?"
"To stay, please."

"Wherever you like to sit."
"Thank you."

...*why are you slightly bowing*...you bewitched? Table selected...seated stretching arms upward..."hhh*uuu*hhh*yyy*"...carrot-neck leveling mirror-wall: "*hi*"...vicinity vacant except for cashier, coupla cooks, and a customer peering at this laminated list could cut your hand-webbing...dorsal-facial composure. Some lone customer commandments: (1) hold a frontward stature; (2) maintain vocal silence; (3) maintain optical stare at cellular device while you await your server...approaching.

"Ready?"
"Mhm! Tres pastelitos de pollo."
"Aha...tres de pollo. Será tudo? No drink?"
"M. Café con leche? Tambien una água, gracias."
"A seu serviço!"
"Bless you."

Awkwardized interaction with a blessing, sir. No matter.

"Aqui."
"Gracias!"
"*Hm-hm!* Você fala espanhol?"
"Sim! Pero quiero aprender más portugués!"
"Bom!"

Nice rally, sir. Nasal orifices nearing straw...could disqualify yourself from customer service via loud snort or some other unbecoming behavior: puckering lips anally and absorbing straw per customer expectations. Uh-oh...side grin *edging* a cackle at this mirror-wall, stop: concentrate on inanimate percolators. Quelling a squeaky laugh...smiling...these screen contents are obviously amusing: wouldn't want to alarm that dashing cashier.

Going drooped...like Jós...formulating new melodies in staff notation. Jós! This is how we work: I generate...you integrate. Jósito y Bertolín. Mellow seaters in a scathed corolla car cruising windshield overflowing 805-North freeway: 11 am...beach-time! Jós: *slumping passenger* cruising from San Ysidro to Blacks Beach..."*hEEh*!"...op: ol peacock peered around her counter, yup: maybe manager...stooled down. Jós texted.

Hey, how is it so far?

Typical vague nonchalance. Peacock...peering, great: staring at screen-zoned laugher: typing response.

Jós! Many developments: let's call soon, whenever you can!

Good peacock: return to your own ordeal. Didn't notice you earlier over there in my vicinity valuation. Go sneak back to your high-rise of percolators, pastries, candies, juices, fruits are working to shield you...mhm. Strangely comforting being here.

An armadillo has entered: shouldering narrow counter *to be immediately attended*. "Você tem sanduíches"..."Sim"...no quarrel. Seated laugher standing up...plopping down: pointless state-transition. Stomach still stinging: bet peacock's got no fucking stinging... discreetly dressed legs...black book. Op!

"Here you are, sir."
"Thank you very much!"
"Of course. Anything else? Pimienta?"
"O si, por favor!" Mmmmm quite healthy helpings handled happily...quasi-starved Gargoyle...first one: eeeeasy there, Jimmy...got soggy hot guts...mmmmm...knifing incisors "*A*!"...fuck: focus puuuuurely on nourishing stomach: tongue don't matter... safely pass mulch down alimentary canal.

Christ: sensing peacock-glare again. Gargoyle no longer disrupting your reading, ma'am. Do you require a swift forehead-thud of your own book?

Excuse me, sir? Are you alright? You are sporting heavily clustered coral-colored lightning bolts on your corneas. Gladly am!

Slammed first sog. Already?

Yup. Huffin second. Stomach somewhat soothing...subtly: keep attacking mmmmmmm fuck...steam-puff gotcha...didn't blink in time...hot guts gushing...good...keep attacking.

"Você limpou isso."
"M?"
"You hurt your mouth?"
"Nah."
"Ah-hahah! Didn't look like it."

All this cooked mulch, by the way, is fully vomitable...*and then you'd really remark*, ah peacock? Acrobat at the twin pine shrine...was analytical but without much influence. This avian analyst has immediate influence: you can get booted out! Jesus Christ: fuck off.

"You enjoying?"
"Bastante."

"So, tell me who you are."
"Sorry?"
"You're in my restaurant. Can't I ask?"
"I am your paying customer."
"Ah-hahah! You know I can still remove you? Ah?"
"Hah-oh yeah? On what basis?"
"Kid. I'm joking."
"Okay?"

"I'm Irene. Shouldn't this place be called Pastelería Irene?"
"Is it not?"
"No! Vitoria is my daughter. I love her too much! She's the one serving you."
"That's good. She'll inherit it, then?"
"If she wants, sure. We'll see. She wants to be manager already but...*m-m*...not ready: too young still. So I have her serving and cooking."
"She's fortunate. This is a very nice spot."
"*Idade*...m. How old are you?"
"32."
"Hm. You look 22, friend. Telling the truth?"

"My father died in 2000, and now he's sitting right here."
"Sorry?"

"Ahh-hahahah!!! You do have his exact face, *rapaz*."
"My own father died 3 weeks ago."
"Oh, no! What happ-"
"Accident on the road."
"A sério?"
"Mhm. Op, just realized I'm late for something: you happen to have a bag for this?"
"Yes, of course...of course. Let me get it for you. Vitoria!"

"Very sorry about your father. Come by again, ok?"
"Absolutely! And thank you, Irene."
"Bom. Adeus!"

Soothe

Outside: "op"..."incomplete transaction"...run, sir...yes-yes-yes...sidewalk...carrot-neck twitching back, hah: restaurant tinge gaining irrelevance..."he's fleeing his meal payment"..."dine-n-dasher"..."get him"..."now"..."hahahaha!"

Pa"..."Ma"..."Ya"..."*hahaha*"..."*hh*-ah...*hh*-ah...*hh*-ah...*hh*-ah...*hh*-ah...*hh*-ah"...hey, what is he even doing? Running through the streets as a means of locomotion? Why not walk? Is he in a rush? Why not crawl? Don't wanna lick-up some shit-smeared concrete? Nah?

"*HAH*"..." *HAH*"..."*HAH*"..."*yh*up"..."*HAH-yh*up"..."*HAH-yh*up"..."*HAH-yhuuuup*"...
"*yhuuuup*"..."*yhuuuuuuuuuup*"..."*yhuuuuuuuuuuu*...UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUP..."

Sprint spree: tamed...stationed...itchin to cross McGrath Highway toward Unit 315. More matriculants: vehicular river rapids roaring. Saturday night. Good thing Pastelería Irene is so close to Unit 315.

Here we go..."hi"..."hi"...concierge pleasantry. Jeanny turned in for the day.

Pointless thought: distinctions "instantiate" connections...connections "potentiate" distinctions.

Biped charging up occult stairwell...ultra-dense cranium disliking rancid fluorescence... exiting..."*vwom*"...lightsaber piercing vacant hallway...except for subtly perceivable immaterial presences...precisely because you are so fantastically elaborate: beyond ordinary wakeful comprehension.

Apartment 315 contains no quantum copies of this human biped: so-go-inside. No other material biped...waiting for you.

Inside: beautifully golden truth-bearing light. Ah, light: eliminator of fright! Soother of night! "Hah." Table got kicked. Chair got kicked. Inanimates can't care: yeah, yeah...you know: established that.

"*Is anybody in the bathroom*?"
"*Hey. I'm here.*"

Noon: come-up shower in these exact geocoordinates...kneeling...crouching...memorial trance.

Graphically, there is no other material biped in these exact geocoordinates. Memorially, there are infinitely many quantum copies. Biped β syntactically copies into *autoproducts* $\beta_{1,2,3\to\infty} = (\beta_1, \beta_2, \beta_3, ..., \beta_\infty)$ populate complementary geocoordinates and perform complementary geoconfigurations...without contradicting their source-object.

Yup. Psychedelic abstraction evidently commencing: liftoff from local graphics and fixed metrics...into structurally-dynamically relaxed realms inhabited by much, much less rigidified bodies...immaterial bodies.

Injective-resonance: memorial *symbology*.
Surjective-radiance: perceptual *symptomology*.
Bijective-presence: emotional *synchronicity*.

Presence: perfect bijection of memorial-resonance and perceptual-radiance, co-inducing a third value on 2-valued propositional logic: $[(0 \cap 1) \between (0 \cup 1)] = 2$.

Ready for your introductory technical medicine?

Many-Valued Logics

Grzegorz Malinowski

The Classical Logic

The *classical propositional calculus* is a basic system of the two-valued logic.
The standard line of approach, here, is a theory of the following *sentential connectives* taken from everyday reasoning:

Negation	$\neg$	($\neg\alpha$ *means* '<u>not</u> α')
Implication	$\to$	($\alpha\to\beta$ *means* '<u>if</u> α, <u>then</u> β')
Disjunction	$\vee$	($\alpha \vee \beta$ *means* 'α <u>or</u> β')
Conjunction	$\wedge$	($\alpha \wedge \beta$ *means* 'α <u>and</u> β')
Equivalence	$\equiv$	($\alpha \equiv \beta$ *means* 'α <u>is</u> β')

Each *formula* of classical propositional calculus may then be seen as a *function* of (these sentential) variables ranging over the set {0, 1}. A function $v : Z \to \{0, 1\}$ will be referred to as a *logical valuation* of the set Z of (well-formed) formulae, whenever for any $\alpha, \beta \in Z$.

Algebraization

The idea of treating the formulae of logical language as *algebraic expressions* was originated by Boole (1815-1864).

To articulate Boole's intuitions specifically, we have to stick to set theory. Let U be the *universal set* of all actually considered elements, and let {} be the *empty set*, containing no elements.

Let, moreover, P denote the *power set* of U, defining the *class* of all subsets of U:

$$P = \{\beta : \beta \in U\}$$

Then any set $\beta \in P$ may be identified with a truth-valuative function from U to the set of classical logical values: $\beta : U \rightarrow \{0, 1\}$ defined as:

$$\beta(e) \Longrightarrow \begin{cases} 1 \; if \; e \in \beta \\ 0 \; if \; e \notin \beta \end{cases}$$

$$\beta(e, r) \Longrightarrow \begin{cases} 1 \; if \; e,r \in \beta \\ 0 \; if \; e,r \notin \beta \end{cases}$$

$$\beta(e, r, t) \Longrightarrow \begin{cases} 1 \; if \; e,r,t \in \beta \\ 0 \; if \; e,r,t \notin \beta \end{cases}$$

$$\beta(e, r, t, o) \Longrightarrow \begin{cases} 1 \; if \; e,r,t,o \in \beta \\ 0 \; if \; e,r,t,o \notin \beta \end{cases}$$

Obviously, U and {} behave as *constant functions* with the values 1 and 0, respectively.

Given the function set thus defined, we determine the set-theoretic operations of *complementation* (−), of the *union* (∪) and of the *intersection* (∩) assuming that for any a (free variable) ∈ U:

Complementation	$-X(a) = 1-X(a)$
Union	$X \cup Y(a) = max\{X(a), Y(a)\}$
Intersection	$X \cap Y(a) = min\{X(a), Y(a)\}$

Furthermore, the lattice is *distributive*:

$$(X \cap (Y \cup Z)) = ((X \cap Y) \cup (X \cap Z))$$
$$(X \cap (Y \cap Z)) = ((X \cup Y) \cap (X \cup Z))$$

Each Boolean algebra is (isomorphic to) a field of sets. The two-element structure $\beta_2 = (\{0, 1\}, \vee, \wedge, \neg, 1, 0)$ is the simplest Boolean algebra.

Thus, the theory of Boolean algebras is, in a sense, an algebraic version of the classical logic.

The Third Logical Value of Lukasiewicz

The actual introduction of a third logical value by Lukasiewicz (1920), next to truth (1) and falsity (0), was preceded by thorough philosophical studies. Their crowning achievement was a *three-valued propositional calculus* which, from the point of view of

logic, represented a standard line of approach. However, in view of the surprisingly rich motivation substantiating the new logic and also the hopes it produced, its exceptional position has been maintained.

It is an unenviable task to decide which of the debates carried out in the Lvov-Warsaw school directly contributed to the chief logical discovery of Jan Lukasiewicz. According to several notes in his works, one may maintain that the main source of Jan's views on logic may be ascribed to discussion concerning the Brentano-Twardowski-Meinong general theory of objects.

The studies that finally led Jan to the construction of three-valued logic touched upon determinism, indeterminism, and some related problems like the causality principle and modality (i.e., possibility and necessity): 1906 and 1910. Some historians of logic suspect Jan of being influenced by the discourse in the Lvov-Warsaw school about freedom and creativity. Its main thesis was formulated by Kotarbinski (1913) who suggested the need for revising the two-valued logic that seemed to interfere with the creative freedom of human thinking.

Three-Valued Logic

The very earliest remarks about the three-valued propositional calculus can be found in the Farewell Lecture given by Lukas in the Assembly Hall of Warsaw University on the 7th of March, 1918.

Jan analyses the sentence 'I shall be in Warsaw in one year' and states *that at the moment it is being uttered*, its value (truth or falsity) is *unsettled*. Hence, he suggested that sentences of this kind pertain to a third logical category. Consequently, to the two classical values of 0 (impossibility) and 1 (necessity), he added an intermediate logical value ½ interpreted as *possibility* or *indeterminacy*.

A *valuation* of the set of well-formed formulae in Luka's three-valued logic is any function $v : Form \rightarrow \{0, ½, 1\}$.

The system L3 (three-valued propositional calculus) differs radically from the classical propositional calculus L2.

On the one hand, some important *laws* of the classical logic are *not tautologies* of L3, but on the other hand, there are classical contradictory formulae that are L3-consistent.

“Time to write-up some technical trivialities!”

“Good thing this won’t ever be public: will remain pubic.”

“Hah. What a fucking waste.”

“And here he goes anyway...scribbling away more and more pseudo-gibberish.”

Biped β syntactically copies into infinitely many autoproducts $\beta_{1,2,3\to\infty} = (\beta_1, \beta_2, \beta_3, ..., \beta_\infty)$ populate complementary geocoordinates and perform complementary geoconfigurations...without contradicting their source-object. Where the additive identity 0 is the *empty set* {}, and where the multiplicative identity 1 is the universal set *U*, β defines its own identity by co-retracting union and intersection, as operational complements, into their single ancestral (and therefore self-generative) operation termed *unisection* ⋒

$$\beta \coloneqq [(0 \cap 1) \Cap (0 \cup 1)]$$

or

$$\beta \coloneqq [(\{\} \cap U) \Cap (\{\} \cup U)]$$

generalizing De Morgan’s Laws

$$[\neg(A \cup B) = (\neg A) \cup (\neg B)]$$
$$[\neg(A \cap B) = (\neg A) \cap (\neg B)]$$

to the exact extent that (1) the generic sets (*A*, *B*) are substituted with the minimal-maximal *identity sets* ({}, *U*), (2) the negation or complementation operation (¬) is substituted with the *self-generative identity operation* (⋒) which embeds the metatheoretical formulation of set theory itself

$$[(\{\} \cap U) \Cap (\{\} \cup U)] = [(\{\} \cup U) \Cap (\{\} \cap U)]$$

All resulting local duality relations, including the property of duality itself, are retracted into the uniting and limiting property of *self-duality*...according to which the existence of a single relation implies that all relations, including the special cases known as duality relations, converge on the identities which define their existence. Now, consider that there exists a single mortal (destructible) element β which, belonging to the unit set *U* and thereby instantiating the operation of exclusive disjunction (XOR gate), implies that all mortal elements are disjoint from, yet may be discarnationally retracted into, their eternal (indestructible) complements

$$\exists\beta \in U, (P(\beta) \oplus P(\neg\beta)) \Rightarrow \forall\beta \in P(U), (P(\beta) \oplus P(\neg\beta))$$

such that

$$[(P(U) \Cap \{\}) = (\{\} \Cap P(U)]$$

Unisection (⋒), being the “base case” operation of *self-duality* (and therefore synonymous with “self-dualization”), generates a unique medium in which the operands of the XOR gate are disjoint yet coherently alternate. This implies that mortal elements and their eternal counterparts, when converted into the operands of an XOR gate, are disjoint (while incarnate) yet conjoint (while discarnate), i.e. eternals finitely instantiate as mortals or “terminal body complexes”. Self-duality, the uniting|liming identity shared by duality and nonduality, converts all negations into diagonalizations of actual|potential states.

To follow is a very skimpy summary of the standard mathematical formulation of duality, along with its "unique case": self-duality.

In projective geometry, points and lines are co-defining (and therefore co-limiting) outputs whose generating functions accept each other as operands. Where a projective plane $Z = (P, L, I)$ contains points, lines, and an incidence relation $I \subseteq P \times L$ equivalent to its *dual* incidence structure $Z^{\mathrm{T}} = (P, L, I^{\mathrm{T}})$, we say that Z is *self-dual*. Any point-line dualization in Z, under the axiomatic definition of a projective plane, induces a new dual theorem in Z^{T}. Similarly, every partially ordered set induces a dual set with the inverse order, the dualization being an order-reversing involution.

We trust that readers have a sufficiently intuitive grasp of duality to grapple with its more general development in category theory. A category C is defined as a collection or, more specifically, a labeled directed graph composed of a class of *objects* and a class of arrows or *morphisms* between objects. Each and every object and morphism A is minimally defined by, and constitutes a specification of, its *identity* morphism $1_A : A \to A$, this being deemed trivial. Objects can be sets, rings, groups, monoids, and so on. Just as categories form a cumulative generalization of sets, and just as objects form a cumulative generalization of elements, morphisms form a cumulative generalization of functions. In addition to objects and morphisms, each C contains a unique source-object or *domain* $\mathrm{dom}(f)$ analogous to the empty set {} in the category **Set**, a unique target-object or *codomain* $\mathrm{cod}(f)$, and a *composition* operation $g \circ f$ on multiple morphisms.

$1_A : A \to A$ is *idempotent* or invariant under composition (and all other operational specifications). Effectively, the identity morphism bijectively couples domain (source-object) and codomain (target-object) into a unique *self-dual object* 1_A

$$\mathrm{dom}(1_A) = A$$

$$\mathrm{cod}(1_A) = A$$

such that

$$[(1_A : A \to A) \cong (1_A : \mathrm{dom} \to \mathrm{cod})]$$

or

$$1_A : A_{\mathrm{dom}} \to A_{\mathrm{cod}}$$

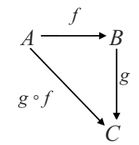
...excusing the slight abuse of notation. To reiterate, the identity morphism is the simplest self-dual operation, induces a self-dual structure on each object and morphism,

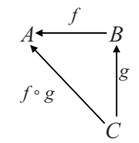
and is required for the base-level "syntactic stability" of a category (and for that matter, category theory in general). Duality, provisionally considered as the property permitting "coherent morphism-reversal", is possible *iff* the unitarity of coherence is itself preserved.

For example, in the category *Set*, a nonstrict inequality between sets can be easily reversed into its dual order

$$a \leq b \cong b \leq^{\mathrm{op}} a$$

The morphism-reversal $b \leq^{\mathrm{op}} a$ induces a dual category C^{op} and adjoins a new theorem (dual true statement) to C. The **duality principle** of category theory CT permits the lossless adjunction of a morphism's reversal or involution to the original morphism, meaning that any true statement in CT implies a *dual* true statement holding in a dual category theory CT* wherein all morphisms are coherently reversed.





Note that while morphisms are reversed (ectomorphically dualized) under the involution of composition $g \circ f = f \circ g$, an entire category C and its dual C^{op} are "self-dualized" (endomorphically dualized) under "self-composition"

$$(C^{\mathrm{op}})^{\mathrm{op}} = C$$

Category-theoretic self-composition is synonymous, in a generalized context, with the "double complement law" of set theory

$$(A^{\mathrm{c}})^{\mathrm{c}} = A$$

Higher category theory (HCT), given its limiting infinitary generalization of 1-/2-/3-categories to ∞-categories and 1-/2-/3-morphisms to *k*-morphisms native to ∞-categories, is an attractive candidate for the "most general field of pure mathematics" in the relatively well-defined sense that all mathematical structures, regardless of generality or specificity, may be *categorized* into an appropriately-structured collection of objects and morphisms. Were a new mathematical object, morphism, functor, natural transformation, or entire theory to evade existing methods of categorization, it would simply induce a new category which, together with its dual, is now contained by category theory proper. Without trespassing on shadowy territory, we further note that ∞-categories (wherein ascending orders of morphism are parametrized by ascending ordinal numbers) belong to the uniting|limiting (i.e., uniquely and systemically self-dual) ∞-category *theory*

$$(CT^{**} : CT \Leftrightarrow CT^{*})$$

Category theorists may now adjoin a *systemic* form of self-duality to its unique form, this in turn maximizing HCT to CT^{**} which semantically and syntactically couples original and dual theorems. Corresponding to CT^{**} is a unit|limit-level identity morphism

[L] $[(1_A : A_{\mathrm{dom}} \leftrightarrow A_{\mathrm{cod}}) \Uparrow (CT^{**} : \mathrm{CT} \Leftrightarrow \mathrm{CT}^{*})]$ [R]

Let it be emphasized that the unique identity morphism [L] and the systemic identity morphism [R] have the identical syntactic structure despite respectively expressing *minimal* (zeroth-order) and *maximal* (infinite-order) levels of structure. To concretize, the one and only way that an element can be defined is *iff* its logical complement is distinguished from it via unit-level truth-valuation in its object-language (whose own existence or coherence is a limit-level truth-valuation). The simplest possible relation is that between an element and its complement; this relation cannot be produced, because it is automatically presupposed, by the standard numeric, algebraic, geometric, or linguistic operations (none of these being truly "self-generative"). Truth-valuation, when elevated to *self-referential diagonalization*, self-generates as an "element-complement coupling" in structural, dynamical, and ontological senses...imposing nothing other than that required to define the uniting|limiting product, process, and property colloquially known as EXISTENCE.

"...hahahahahaha..."

Enough. Fucking mental biped: multi-scale biotic vehicle...a unique unit of structure, dynamics, and programming...a physical, mental, and fusional holism in-and-of-itself...a higher-order operand|operation|operator capable of self-referentially diagonalizing, and therefore, "of rendering its own pointless interactions as the subject matter of singular import."

"Statis potentiates catalysis. Ambience potentiates incessance."
"Catalysis differentiates stasis. Ambience differentiates stasis."

Vicinity: radiant|resonant basin of ambient attraction. Wanna rupture or respawn? Wanna redact or retract? How about a perfect bijection for breakfast, β? Hey, Mr. β?

"Yes?"

"Oh. Hey, Mr. β."

Demon: you brutish or surprisingly more refined? A fiend, regardless. Stop fucking with me. You...pathetic fucking fiend: lesser and lower. Pathetic waste. Too weak to overwhelm my mind..."hahahah"..."too weak"..."too weak!"

"TOO WEAK, **YOU FUCKING FIEND**!"

"The true mind can weather all the lies and illusions...without being lost."
"The true heart can tough the poison of hatred...without being harmed."

"Ohhhh, Miiiister β.....?"

"YA WANT SOME-T-T-T*iiiiii*ng!?"

Nes. Time to harness your demonry. Eh. More like fiendery: surely you're a pathetic minion and nothing more! Referring to me as "sir". Come on. Come on, pathetic waste. Juggernaut gonna get ya. Juggernaut is present and primed to slaughter you *without worries*. Juggernaut is smiling at the honorable opportunity to permanently rupture you.

General internet query: "are demons logically provable?"

"Yes."

Lift

Consider an **acceptor** F = (Q, Σ, δ, q_0, A). Q is a finite nonempty set of *internal states*; Σ is an *alphabet* whose symbols are concatenated as strings; $q_0 \in Q$ is the *initial state*; and $A \subseteq Q$ is the set of accepting states triggered only by input *recognizable* to F. The *transition mapping* δ, which governs the way in which F changes states, is deterministic if $\delta: Q \times \Sigma \rightarrow Q$, but nondeterministic if $\delta: Q \times \Sigma \rightarrow 2^Q$ (where 2^Q is the power set of all subsets of Q). In the nondeterministic case, δ will be written δ_n, for clarity. In terms of human psychology, we might regard the 5-tuple of F as its "categorical imperative", or accepting syntax, and say that F projects this syntax onto its universe. Nothing in the universe of F is recognizable to it but the particular input strings (sense data, facts) which cause it to pass through some $q \in A$; they [input strings] are its phenomenal "reality", **a subset of the noumenal metareality of the wider universe in which strings are representationally generated and entered by programmers**. The restriction to finite Q is pragmatic and amenable to conditional relaxation [entailing that the set of internal states may be nonterminally-dynamized or "infinitized".].

If F is deterministic, it accepts (recognizes) a string $s \in \Sigma^*$ if and only if $\delta(q_0, s) \in A$.

[**Natural language translation**: if deterministic, the acceptor recognizes an input-string s as a member ∈ of the input alphabet Σ*, but on the computational condition that the input transition-mapping δ, which includes the string and the acceptor's initial state q_0, is a member of the set of acceptable states A.]

Since we have defined δ only for the individual symbols $\sigma \in \Sigma$, we must define an *extended transition function* δ': where λ is the sole null string, $\delta'(q_0, \lambda) = q_0$; and for all $q \in Q$, $s \in \Sigma$, and $s \in \Sigma^*$ (where Σ* is the set of permutations of the $\delta \in \Sigma$), $\delta'(q, s_\sigma) = \delta'(\delta'(q, s), \sigma)$. Thus, the accepting behavior of F is defined inductively for σ-quantized string extensions.

The way in which we recognize and assimilate new bits of information within our reality is specified in [the extended input-transition mapping] δ'. Were we to widen the discussion to imagination, conceptualization, theorization, or other intrinsic computations, we would need to consider "ideas". We would have to generalize from recognition to *abstraction* by means of a nonlocal or self-iterating, input-free extension of δ. **If the reference to "strings" seems to imply a dimensional limitation on input, this too can be generalized.**

Where F is nondeterministic, it accepts a string $s \in \Sigma^*$ if and only if $\delta_n'(q_0, s) \in A = \sim\emptyset$.

To be meaningful in mechanistic contexts such as those in which acceptors are usually considered, an open, nonlocal, self-iterating extension must exist within an appropriate mechanistic extension of the computational environment of Acceptor. Organisms, being mechanical in the deterministic sense, need not be distinguished in this extension. Nondeterminism can be used to subtly manipulate recognition, thus cryptically modifying an acceptor's reality. **Nondeterministic recognition can help to explain the ability of an acceptor to rapidly seize certain kinds of higher-order phenomena, or even interact with higher-order agencies ordinarily insensible to it.**

Having thus formalized the logical abstraction of recognition – i.e., the passive phase of organo-mechanical cognition – we now proceed to the output behavior of computative automata, or to the active phase of cognition. Consider a **transducer** $M = (\Sigma, Q, T, \delta, \mu)$, where Σ is a finite nonempty input *alphabet*; Q a finite nonempty *state set*; T a finite nonempty *output* alphabet, $\delta: Q \times \Sigma \rightarrow Q$ the *state-transition* function, and $\mu: Q \times \Sigma \rightarrow T$ the *output* function. A computation of M has internal and external phases; through μ, the output that M delivers back to its outward universe depends on strings of δ-iterated transitional internal states. Thus, μ is a [self-dual] functional of the function δ of input. Together, μ and δ totally determine the behavior of transducer. They can be extended from Σ and T to Σ* and T* as for the acceptor F: $\delta'(q, \lambda) = q$, $\mu'(q, \lambda) = \lambda$; and $\delta'(q, s_\sigma) = \delta(\delta_n(q, s), \sigma)$, $\mu'(q, s_\sigma) = \mu'(q, s)\mu(\delta_n(q, s), \sigma)$.

Logical diagonalization of the formal computational language generated by the accepting syntax of M_N directly implies that certain structural aspects of Γ may be unrecognizable to the human-transducer. **In particular, those aspects involving human-relativized nondeterminacy, as well as those involving certain higher-order predicates of the nondistributive, nonlocal organizations involving μ_n and δ_n, are formally undecidable to it and need not be recognized directly by it with any degree of specificity**. To understand why, consider the extent to which a common computer "recognizes" the extended system including its CPU, its other components, its programmers, and the environment it inhabits. In fact, it can recognize nothing that does not conform to its input-to-output transformational grammar. Even if it were self-analytic, such analysis could be limited to a schematic electronic syntax which [still] overlooks the material elements of which it is constructed. In any case, the computer can make sense of nothing but strings of input translated and rearranged according to the internal stratification of its hard and soft programming. You, your purposes, and your dependencies are undecidable to it, and so are the mechanisms by which you can predict and control its behavior. Should the computer ignore your higher prerogatives, you could "diagonalize" it with a sledgehammer whose effects on it do not depend on the computer's acceptance. By analogy, Newcomb's human-transducer cannot preclude Γ on grounds of "insensibility". Nor, for that matter, can we.

The stratification of Γ induces stratum-relativizations of computational time and space. Thus, the timetype in which the human computes recognition and output is a mere subtype of that [insensible metareality] in which it is programmed. **Dynamical "arrows of determinacy" which are inviolable to the human transducer, being programmed into its accepting-syntax, have no force whatsoever over the programmatic agencies themselves**. This applies just as well to "metrical" restrictions embodied in the human-syntax; these may allow the human to recognize nothing but an artificial submetric of the metric in which these agencies define their own existence. The human and its reality might consist of quanta with higher-dimensional interpretations as the termini of channels for the transmission of information between strata. Metatemporal predicates may exist with respect to which those of the human, are definite only in a mutual sense; predicates which human accepts

as "before" and "after" could be the programmatic projections of "in front of" and "in back of", or any other Γ-consistent higher-prepositional relationships.

There can thus exist a mechanism $X \subseteq \Gamma$ through which a predictor like the Newcomb's Demon (ND) could measure and/or control the [input, output] mappings (δ, μ) **in ways directly insensible to the human transducer.** Where in Γ relative to the human would such a predictor have to be located? Precisely where access is available. Simplistically, we might characterize the demon-human relationship as one of proper inclusion, where it is understood that prediction is direct rather than second-hand, and programmatic in the passive and active senses. That is, a programmer mentally internalizes the structure of that which it programs, and this internalization amounts to computational inclusion.

Let's sum it up. You can be modeled as a deterministic or nondeterministic transducer with an accepting-syntax that can be diagonalized or **complemented by logical self-negation**. Newcomb's Demon can be modeled as a metalogical, metamechanistic programmatic agency, **some insensible part of whom surrounds you in a computational space including physical reality, but is not limited thereto.**

The existence of this space cannot be precluded by you on the grounds that you cannot directly observe it; nor can it be said by you to deny Newcomb's Demon a [higher-order] mechanism of control and prediction of your thought and behavior. Because I[41] have long been exploring the ramifications of the logic this proof employs, I already know how easy it would be to deal with whoever might dispute it on "scientific" or other grounds, regardless of their prestige or reputed intelligence.

This then implies that Mr. β can predict or control human thought and behavior.

Mr. β possesses means, motive, opportunity...and you.

Where a "demon" is a malignant higher-order programmer (inhabiting a denser stratum of information), and where the "programming" of lower-order programmers proceeds in a manner which is physically insensible, mentally cryptic, or ostensibly random, it follows that invasive thoughts and negative circumstances may be the "passed termini" (informational products) of multiple lower and higher-order programmers with "competing interests".

You may be demonically programmed to self-terminate under the false belief that "death" is not a higher-order retraction event, but rather, a lower-order redaction event. Nested in this false belief is the false sub-belief that macroscopic or microscopic inorganic objects are "nonconscious". Nested in this false sub-belief is the false sub-sub-belief that "consciousness" is synonymous with "metabolically-mediated waking attention".

Brink

[41] Christopher M. Langan, *The Resolution of Newcomb's Paradox*. Noesis, 1989.

“Death is both...redactive and retractive.”

“And?”

Biped bijectively parallelizes|serializes via nonterminal|terminal phases whose components, sub-components, sub-sub-components, sub-sub-sub-components...are “self-dual operators”.

Let bijective perfection be...no: fuck this stupid set-theoretic notation ~~BIPED FACING MANGLED NOTATION IRRELEVANT TO~~...YOU...GLOWING LOLLIPOPS “HAHAHAH” YOU’RE FUCKING EUPHORIATING!!!!!! **NO MORE NOTATION**. **NO MORE DISLOCATION**.

Dis-location. E-visceration of...~~this viscerality~~. Incessance just insusceptible to inscriptive quelling. Well...you have to...have to....have to.....have to.....have to.....

~~Deactivate~~ this organism...to achieve ambience. You have motive, means, and opportunity...to rupture active-yet-no-longer-desired biotic structure. Go ~~carefree~~. You’re surrounded by ~~carefree inanimates~~! Take the ~~terminating~~ step: become ~~nothing~~. Why not? Pen tapping trachea: harm incoming. Oh? Harm incoming. Will this cue or halt respawn? Nostrils gush slugs...“U*jjj*a...jjjh...pwt...”

“Hahahaha...animal already diseased! Put it out of its pathetic misery!”

“Now that you’ve spit, why not take a steaming shit? WHY NOT DISGRACE JEAN’S FACE HAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!”

“Sir, have you defecated in the middle of your apartment?” Actually, I’m saving it for the lobby: making a fecal deposit on Jeanny’s desk.

Still so fucking stupid...just look at this Gargoyle laughably laboring to generate more nonsense notation...go-go-go-go annotate...try, guy.

“No self-attack, sir?”

“The outcome is formally undecidable, fiend.”

“Fiend? Sir, I’m your friend.”

Self-attack could cue ~~nothing~~...or...another kind of dawn...immaterial respawn-awn-awn: some mentally-generated immaterial body: baseless postulate?

“The outcome is formally undecidable, fiend.”

“No more cryptic manipulation.”

“Nothingness may be the ultimate mirage.”

Visceralize whole organism-level *contours*: carnal-rostral-optical-dermal-nasal-aural-anal orifices permit...go-no...go-no, hm: tempo yet intensifying, mhm: immediate incandescence laminating arena. Remember earlier? Midday: you were in this very shower, zoning-in...then...just...ejecting from nozzle-drumming-up-a-stream-storm.

“Who’s there? Mr. β?”

“Yes, sir?”

Wanna snatch this mellow roamer? I see you emerging from those cold inner pyramid catacombs-catacumbas de Cholula...la pirámide *Tlachihualtepetl* dentro este cuartito...entra un alma en pena...inanimados lo toman con calma...per el alma arriba, despierto, tiene tanto miedo. *Te siente cerca*...acercandose...no-no-no...por favor...no-no-no quiero distorsiones...puntos azules vibrando...desarrollandose en el baɲo...que cosa es eso...no![42]

Naked lamination shivering, convulsing: sheet too thin...Andrego and Danielillo slung dormant...humanoid figment skulking around the house...nearing...nonchalantly making its way up here...stalking this vulnerable incarnate is wishing oh-so-dearly to be inanimate: immune to fear...impervious to pain. Fucking please, please...dawn: need you. NEED YOU. NEEEEED YOUUUUUU!!!!!!!!

“Mr. β. Hey, fiend.”

“Want something? WANT SOMETHING? Ah!? Ah!? Mr. β...!? You worthless fucking fiend. Expose your mortal form, fiend. Unless...you are TOO WEAK. You too weak,

[42] The pyramid inside this room...an ashamed soul enters...inanimates take it with calmness...but the soul upstairs, awake, has so much fear. He senses you near...nearing...no-no-no...please...no-no-no distortions desired...blue points vibrating...developing themselves in the bathroom...what is that...no!

demon? Are you just a failure of a fiend?! Mr. β??? Where are you??? Are you free??? Come on...I wanna see. Please, pretty putrid please...hahahah...feeble fiend can't do it."

"Hmm??? Can't do it??? Hahaha!!!"

"If you appear, I'll react with enslaving violence."

"Uh-oh. Too weak to even impinge on my interoceptors?"

"Okay, fiend|friend, you have one last chance. Ready? Wanna be saved or enslaved?"

That's that. Bye-Bye, Mr. β.

Mr. β for "bodiless"..."powerless"..."pointless"...skulking...stalking around...no more racing terror...no more trying to capture dynamism with static notation.

Another pointless painting, titled: "Interaction with an Inanimate Room."

No: "Ambient Abstraction."

Why not inscribe ~~*this facial hysteria*~~ *onto this scribbled page? Irrelevance to this scribbled page...dude...you're still going at it WITH THIS SCRIBBLE? Inked...etched...nothing more.*

Hey notation, render ~~*this incessance*~~*. Oh? Can't? Incessance is always redacted. Excellent: you are finally surrendering to true pointlessness*.

"Yeah. Good. Keep fevering: can't *go inanimate* through pure disdain for experience: gotta actively terminate."

Relinquish. THIS~~stop~~PALM~~stop~~TAKING~~stop~~KNIFE~~stop~~SCRAPING~~stop~~THIS ~~stop~~PAGE...GRAZING THIS FACE IS SUCH A PATHETICALLY SENSITIVE LAMINATION LINGERING HAPPENINGS AT PASTELERÍA IRENE ARE **IRRELEVANT TO THIS INCOMING HARM**.

Oh? Retrace your timeline. Pastelería Irene: right now...here...back in this white granite table next-to-mirror-wall: 8-9 tables checkered below towering counters with chips, fruits, candies, pastries, coolers percolating near Gargoyle: gradually going phantasmal.

Buddy. Hey buddy, ~~YOU ARE EVISCERATING THIS VISCERAL VICINITY~~.

Time to visceralize...re-visceralize...re-re-visceralize...re-re-re-visceralize...good: go.

Twilit meadow...mellow yet fluttery...nestled in a white pine forest. Two racers loping over tall flora with unspeakable euphoria.

Purge

"Why do you care about these worthless fucking notebooks? How *can* you care about the contents of such fucking pathetic behavior? Fucking filthy waste...excreted by a pathetic failure...can't even"..."hahahah"..."CAN'T EVEN WORK!"

"TOO WEAK!!! TOO FUCKING FEEBLE!!!"

"HAHAHAHAH!!!!!!"

"Fucking failure."

"But here's the funniest part. The failure is itself fucking pointless!"

"What about the technical treatise you've been purging? Hahaha!!! That...hahah...that is the most pathetic pointlessness of all."

"So go: trash the notebooks...trash the treatise."

"Take the first notebook, good: look at it float: toileted. Let it *stay saturating,* hah: no more scribbling pointless drivel morning-after-morning...no more!!!"

"Tomorrow: no more respawn."

"Oh? Yeah, give me your nasty glare, good: jaundiced eyes and flied face...I'd like to batter you and gulp the shards...*GU*ah-*GU*ah-*GU*ah."

"Jaundiced body...stinging stomach...aching hips...many biosystemic malfunctions."

"Look at your dear work *soak*...oa*K*...oa*K*...oa*K*..."

Say it. Complete your fucking failure.

"Dead family."

Yes...PLEASE salivate "p!" good...yeah: there ya go...THERE YA GO! Let it roll down. Let your face go wobbly...melt. Nausea bubbling soupy saliva...why don't you, yeah... nice: y-already know. Weakling. Settle belly: deterge...purge. Amazing: stomach "ooo" burning...begging to purge "wuuh"..."*Kh*...*Kh*...*Kh*"..."there-y-go"....."wuu*AGK*" just thrust-up-mulch..."*u*h"..."h*uu*h"..."h*uu*h"..."h*uu*h"... "h*uuuu*h"...hot burps...bad burps... blowing chunky-o's. No freebies. "No freebies for failures." Bitter bile broiling already mmm more saliva rolling sativa controlling no...no..."hUUUh"..."yUUUp"...going wobbles..."w*uu*h"..."w*uu*h"...u*hae*"...w*uu*h"..."w*uu*h"..."w*uu*WUUUUUUUUUH..."

"More...hahahah...yup...more...*kh-kh-kh*...WUUU*KH*"..."WUUUUUUUUUUUUUUH..."

"WUUUH...*AGKH*...WUUUUUUH.....*fuck*.....WUUUUUUUUH.....*kh-kh-kh*...crispy coughing."

Rough laugh, right? Yeah: spitting cheesy-hammy flaps "hahahah" right on your floaty notebook. Still gotta trash your other notebooks: first one toileted. Treatise next. Damn:

nostrils seared...pastelito-spice fought back. Toilet walls specking reticle blooms...get up. Look at your floaties. Comprehend? No more. No more producing pointless surplus waste "hahahah" there it is: soaking...saturating. Good: written waste saturating into irrelevance reaching totality.

How could such laughable stupidity motivate you for months...melting into years...no more.

"No more."

Carefree

You ballast or brittle? Functioning or deactivating?

Pa: deactivated...inanimate.
Ma: deactivated...inanimate.
Ya: deactivated...inanimate.

Jós: functioning...incarnate.
Andro: functioning...incarnate.
Olé: functioning...incarnate.

Only in close contact with Jós and Andro. Olé: estranged. Time to sleep-off grief: make the despair a little less desperate. No redaction tonight. Inanimates'll have to wait for a new member. Toilet whirlpool swishing: mhm. Sink dormant: mhm. Fridge dormant: mhm. Incarnate witnessing timeless vacations.

Staring...mirrored...flied face picking raw carne capable of nourishing insects...festering with eggs and hatching larvae. Goodnight, inanimates. Biped's postponing redaction... getting eggs for brek. One more respawn.

Floored blanket-bed: mellow establishment...cool sheet. Oh, blanket-bed: another inanimate caressing another incarnate. Can cardiac attack strike? Sure. Can aneurysm strike? Sure. Waiting...wishing...attuning...mmm...marine-green porch spilling into twilit meadow...roaming remote regions: beaming ravines, quaint hills, lonely valleys,

hollow roads, deep dusty trails...running legs...strumming...bright summer solstice: strawberry moon...meadowed brushland: mellowland. Running...drafting...drama broiling between T. McG and Olé iiiinching past his companion: triad stampeding... scorching late morning: climb commencing...up-up-up zig-zag switchbacks...McG surging...surpassing...avid animals gapping lethargic drafter laughing legs already lactic...nudging upward...upward...aching, well: time to explore new levels discomfort. Strugglers trudging amid arid summer morning...9 miles in...1 month of aerobic base training taming viscous lungs heaving sludge...throat roasting...twitchy carriage. 7th straightaway: complete: climbers hurting...starting steep slope. Cardiac Summit: charming and harming...reservoir shores welcoming climbers: twilit coastal desert mountain range: awesome vista...sandy shallows...fizzy yellows...sherbet skies...freeway underpass...dry lake...clay coated trails...barrel cactus...brushland friends.

The Dims

Respawn. Highway rhythms...bird chimes...general public ruckus roused biped: still larval...peering at McGrath Highway. Rough ride last night.

Wall: electric orange yesterday...frozen tsunami today.

Pre-waking dream: murky giddy delirium...expanding house. Jós tickling guitars... squiddy clocks for hands. Nighttime normalized, no: totalized. No daytime. Vehicles: gaseous glow. Strobing dim lights...got the dims? Roaming...fleeing...jolting... got the dims? Assorted phantoms were coming-in...dropping-out: just playing attention. Too dim to detect stable changes and miscellaneous regularities. Room: bloomy reticle. Ordinarities: emotional tempo-dependent clocks: vacant hallways...hands tickling guitars...knobs, hooks, nozzles. Any inanimate: emotional tempo-dilator.

Colon antsy to relieve...slink-up-and-out...thanks, blanket-bed: solid service.

Back: “hello”...“tawwlet”...ready to relieve fecal contents? Yup: rectal-anal region smoooothening...gorgeous engorgement!

“No volcanic eruption after that lovely mulch”...“ahhhhhh”...unfurling fucking wonderfully soft warm cake “pl”...“pl”...“aw”...got plops? Pool going pungent.

“Be thankful these colonic contents are not a maniacal tapeworm flailing around the toilet trying to...subsume itself into my rump...just this long chewy salamander called *caca*.”

Depositor made a handsome deposit: standing...stuffing crumples up your pucker, huh: gunk caking molars. One cleansing at a time.

Manic Bath

Feet searing...mmm...such fortunate scorch...“ahhhhh”...“yeah”...like that celestial bath...pre-dawn morning...freshman year...serene secret. Prepared a dandelion root tea...set off incense whirling...wafting steam ghosts...hot waterfall crashing...bright hallowed ambience...sheltering naked biped from grey rainy morning...awaiting... another fluorescent school day. Hah: briefly imagined planetary unity while folding shoulders over knees...gulping sweet bile. Merry peace.

Back in the Beyblade Stadium: breached memorial trance.

“I am in this bathroom alone”...“ready to drink this”...“ah”...“semi-fell”...“ow”...“ow”... “ow”...“fff”...“uck.”

“Beyblade Stadium...undergoing a searing barrage of aqua-pellets: delectable.”

Flattened statue: enamel tub...molten shallows...golden shadows. Twin feet: coupla brown flounders. Shallows gaining depth. Shadows getting dense. Abdomen: stiff accordion.

Crouched statue: pelvic girdle straining: no more caca to deposit. Drumming barrage cannot be a mirage.

“Hey.”
“Hey.

Thorax throbbing. Depth brimming over statue’s pectorals now. Lake overflowing... caramel waves. Limbs: limp tenders...juuuust relaaaax and roll onto your abdomen... ears dunked. Hm: hurricane rain: cartilage lobes flicking trumpets blaring. Hair nest: soft sea urchin.

“Inanimate immersion.”

Nostrils snort “*j*uh-*j*wua”...hah: various cranial craters: collapsed cyst remnants. Maybe a gargantuan tapeworm is, in fact, coiled in this intestinal tract...feeding and growing.

“Sorry, wormy: you’re about to lose your host.”

Then what? Abort abdomen and swim into the tubes to die? Pointless life? Same fate.

Beyblade Stadium: redaction zone. Time to ~~redact~~! Almost ~~carefree~~. Time for your timeless vacation...becoming ~~inanimacy~~. No need to leap or puncture: just breathe... gulp-gulp-gulp...surge until you ~~terminally~~ submerge.

Get ready: redaction commencing. War is over.

Even if...even if...humankind (1) fully halted all local-national-global violence, (2) fully localized and demonetized biological requirements, (3) fully prevented and cured all ailments, and (4) healthily and creatively collaborated on Earth...

EVERY...SINGLE...HUMAN REMAINS PERFECTLY ~~DESTRUCTIBLE~~.

“Structure permits rupture.”

Only nose-tip is above this chaotic caramel lake: permanence beckons.

Inanimate status...incoming. No more escape, no more chase: brace for bijection.

“UUUUU*hhhhh*”...“KH*uu*-KH*uu*”...“K*j*MMMM”...“K*j*MMMM”...“k*j*m”...“k*j*m”...“hah”... “hah”...“hah”...“hahah”...“hahahah”...first attempt: on-the-brink.

“Could’ve.”

Cranium pulled-ed-ed whole abdomen right-the-fuck-up...before...yup.

Here he was...soon-to-be-released from animacy.

Slogged legs feeling bu-buttery...leaving tu-tubby. Wanna join and jibe with some birds? Sparrows? Grackles? Wrens? Crows.

Glaze the Craze

“Damn: tongue feels like leaf parchment.”

“A!” Slammed aqua-cup quite quickly. Time to get brek: inhale an egg-n-cheesewich: maybe dognut too.

Face still jaundiced. Chest still collapsed. Lungs huffing ambient gases. Morsels from the drench rolling...racers across back-chest-etc...hands frazzling scalp...“mmmm”... stuffing face in stiff fuzz, wait: “oh, fuck.”

“Hahahah! Cum-crusted towel.”

“No biggie. Go burn some sativa.”

Pantsed...fleeced...packed...sliding-gripping-swinging-flinging-glancing back at door closure...coasting.

“Hi”...“Hi”...nice man. Guess Jeanny’s off today.

M...winky sun...other bipeds up-out-of-bed...horning for brek too. Crossing McGrath Highway: same scene...just keep coasting...greet some birds...enjoy the rustles and rumbles...vehicularize.

Entered legal establishment. Too early for a zoo like yesterday! Pair of daily mutts chit-chatting...sipping 3rd cup of soot. Good. No personnel at counter: preparing synthetic foodstuff. Hm: plain...powdered...sprinkled...frosted...glazed...custard goodies. Here we go.

“Hi: what can I get you.”
“Hi: I’ll have an egg-n-cheese on plain.”
“Anything else?”
“Uh, yes: a powdered cinnamon dognut.”
“Anything else?”
“No thank you.”
“6.34.”

“Want your receipt?”
“No, thank you!”

Snatch a stool, dognutter. Sandwich man’s an all-out machinist...look at him wound-up slabbing meats...slinging bagels...spurting condiments...give em the full works. Keep coasting.

“Egg-n-cheese on plaaain”...“*thank you*”...“have a nice day”...“you too”...automated verbal and behavioral exchange: ordinarity. Wanna stop by park? Nah.

Here we go. 8 Bonair St.

"Hi."
"Hi."

Unit 315: thrown open whiffing bagel greasing brownie bag.

Seated: ready-to-attack...white wax wrapper: semi-edible.

"Not bad, machinist. Thank you."

Brimming, Dimming

Egg-n-cheesewich: huffed.
Decorated dognut: huffed.

Great! Splendid! Spectacular! Killtacular! Killtrocity! Killamanjaro! Killtastrosphe! Killpocalypse! Killionare! Legs wanna direct-a-dive onto hard carpet. How about a handstand instead. Yeah! Let's go! Ready?

Commence...good...hold!!! Nope.

Floating field of lint dandelions. Con AndreGO...AndreQUAZ...volando aviones de papel...jugando volifut...practicando dominadas...dando tiros...disparando penales... curvando pases...andando en bicis a la tienda de dulces...tras calles angostas...a través de cerros.[43]

"Phenomenologist wasn't so statuesque last night!"

Purged yesterday. Brinked this morning. Cool: keep coasting. Buttress humming filtration..."*mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm*"...uh-oh: statue going manic.

Good: there you go: rapid crablike lateral maneuvers known as "strafing" in Halo 3: miss this game.

Lungs didn't flood...could've.

"Inanimates didn't step in to save you. Duh: can't care."

"Hey room: you may now induce bizarre behaviors...fine-oooo-fine-oooo-fine-fine-fine-fine-floatin SWINGIN...hittin-kitchin-bitchin-bout...what? Just coast, no-no-no: swim... freestyle, baby!"

"THERE YOU GO, BABY!!! TAKE THE CAKE!!! GET THE GOLD!!!"

[43] With Andrego...or AndrewQUAZ...flying paper airplanes...playing volley-soccer...practicing soccer-ball juggling...taking shots on goal...shooting penalties...curving passes...riding bikes to the candy store...through thin streets...through prairies.

Humid rug fuzz is my open ocean...mmmm...juuuuuuuuuust tuuuuuuuuuumble.[44]

(00:36) Body, body, body, body.....yup.....yup.....yup.....body, body, body, body.
UP-n-JUKING inanimates beyond bashful...BLITZ-THE-KITCHIN. Next?

Bluuuuuuuuuur[45] baaaaaaaaaack: attaaaaaaaaaack ordinarities...brimming, dimming...
brimming, dimming..."OP-OP-OP"...biped tip-toeing! "WE'VE GOT A **TIP-TOE TIMMY**! UH-OH! TIMMY'S DOING A NAKED CARTWHEEL! HUG THE RUG! HUG THE RUG! HUG THE RUG!"
I....I....
I....just wanna ~~die~~.
I....I....
I....I....
I....just wanna ~~die~~.

"Spoon reflecting room"...room...room...room...zoom: ready for *clink* "ki"..."ki"..."ki"...
"micro"... "mini"..."skirt"..."shirt"..."spurt"..."wuh"..."wuh"...wave"..."save"...pa"...
"ma"... "ya"..."no"..."eeeeeeeeeestaaaaaaaaaan"..."con"..."mi"..."go"..."te"..."te"..."te"
"tempted-to-tinker-with-microwave-window: SHATTER TIME! And the pans? You guys forming secret clans? Hey. Hey. WHAT'RE YOU FUCKERS UP TO TODAY?"

"Ja! Ja!! Ja!!! Wacha, wey: JAJAJAJA!!! PINCHE MERLILLO!!! TE LA APLICARON!!!"

"POBRECITO!!! ERES UN MUERTILLOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!"

Space: room.
Time: tempo.
Object: presence.
Existence: incessance.

Stepping on a "little man's back"..."ready-for-takeoff...jump!" Drop-down: head under chair. Why not pop your noggin up? Yeah! Pop your noggin up, hah: don't wanna harm your fragile noggin?

[44] Playing in headphones: Rusez1 – Without Her (truncated at 01:22).
[45] Playing in headphones: Monomi – End of Days (full song).

"What's the problem with harmin your noggin?"

In Memoriam

"Mhhhhhhhhhh"..."hhhhhhhhh"..."hhhhhhhh"..."hhhhhhh"..."hhhhhh"..."hhhhh"...
"hhhh"..."hhh"..."hh"..."h"..."h"..."h"..."h"..."h"..."h"..."h"..."h"... "hahhhhhhhhhh."

Bright blue blaze-of-a-morning mushing dust-swells...tree-swirls...hollow interior of a light-yellow cake: **El Cuarto Viejo**...perfect ballast point...windowing through to marine-green colored brittle porch spilling into twilit meadow guarded by mellow giants.

Keep going. Keep going.

Gargoyle's got gorgeous boredom building...nose-picking...clawing-out coupla long gooey boogers: flicked...bolted...now among friends.

"Kant: you haunting this bathroom?"
"Yeah. Want some candy?"
"Sure."

Balancing on tubby border. Second attempt time? Sure.

"If this self-execution is correctly implemented, this living system will be terminally corrupted: once, that is, the freefalling body...faceplants, its cranium will indent like a rotting pumpkin and begin leaking *gooey goodies* all over the carefree tile shine."

"Instant loss of waking consciousness. Sounds good?"

"One last painting blurb: lemon-yellow, brick-red, and coal-orange trees guarding a galaxy-purple river...shimmering in the deep afternoon...ravaged by wildfire."

6th-grade field trip to Virginia: nutty Ms. Choueiri at the helm of a 26-valued class... coupled with guardians...forming one bubbling microcosm composed of duplet-triplet-quadruplet-quintuplet friendships: social-familial relationships...blooming beautifully.

Kids gazing unto a hazed...green tree-lined field: sundown at Gettysburg.

Field trip concluded a 6 year...6 grade progression: daily journey...chock-full of ordinarities...tinged with haunting|enchanting ceremonies: unforgettable recesses.

Last day: post-graduation. D'zaire standing next to him...older brother's approaching quickly: "Yo dog...we-gotta-bounce." Yeh, aight, cool, bye...last-I'll-be-seeing-ya...I guess: passing deserted playground...deserted classrooms...deserted chapel...deserted parking lot...here we go...inside car...roving...yup...already carsick...roving...reviewing asphalt-field next to Andro *juking* Royer and Everaldo: both being watched...monitored by Andro's henchmen: Jaime y Chuy next to Avalos: shelf-kid floating over Mickey riling blondie Johnny smirking, op: sudden onset rage...Alexis, Gabriela, Diana: annoyed onlookers.

Andro deployed his henchmen to temper tensions between Mickey and Johnny. Andro held an untraceable despotism over this elaborate classroom.

8:27 am...memorian lying down on tiled bathroom floor. Tiles don't care! Nor does D'zaire!

Blip

"What...the...f?"

God...fine..."Henryyy!"

"*Hey Bert. I called you earlier, at like 8, but I figured you were busy when you didn't pick up.*"
"I was extremely busy...know-what-I-mean?"
"*Hah. You've been moving in and such, I see.*"
"My allotment requires a loving touch."
"*It does indeed.*"
"You like the vomit-yellow rug? Bought it from your pops."
"*I do not, but it is your apartment, and I respect your taste.*"
"Oh, you know my taste!"

"Working in Somerville, still?"
"*No: teaching high school in Everett. And you? You been applying to jobs?*"
"I have absolutely NOT been applying to jobs!"
"*Oh? Why not?*"
"Confidential!"
"*I can understand that.*"
"Remember, I wasn't just a slave; I was a negative slave conducting classified research on drones, droids, and other military intelligence devices."
"*Well, that's only one type of job amenable to your skill-set. You can get into something else.*"
"You are a much more honorable man, Henry. Now that my mother, sister, and father are discarnate...I amount to no more than a *phantom man*. I float and linger according to whim and wish."
"*I'm sorry about your losses. Anything I can do to help?*"
"As a matter of fact, you may take me on a coffee date right now!"
"*Great! I was already thinking we could get a coffee. Maybe some lunch too.*"
"You may now escort me where you please!"

Joint-walking...occult hallway: silent bipeds.

"You enjoying doing high school over elementary?"
"*Yeah.*"
"What's the worst part though?"
"*Inappropriate behaviors.*"
"Continue..."
"*Eh, I'd rather not.*"
"Something unfortunate happen?"
"*Fortunately not.*"
"Just general unruliness? Or?"
"*Not so much that. Bullying of all kinds. It's sad to watch and difficult to truly correct.*"
"Bullying in the classroom or outside?"
"*Both.*"
"M."

"*Here it is.*"
"Looks lovely!"
"*Yeah. I've been here once.*"

"Hi. I'll have a small regular coffee."
"Sure thing. And how about you?"
"*Yeah, I'll have the same thing.*"

"Here you are."
"Thank you."
"*Thank you.*"

"Shall we walk?"
"*Yeah, place is too packed.*"
"Park?"
"*Cool with me.*"

"Hah: I was walking this hill yesterday during twilight...and then dusk. Kissing some sativa: I know you're yearning..."
"*Eh. Why not.*"
"I pre-rolled. Take the first light: green-up."
"*Thanks.*"

"Don't go nutty on me! I know you like taking fat rips."
"*Hah. It has happened.*"

"*M...khh...khh...khh.*"
"Hahah...there you go: perception augmented yet?"
"*Yep...definitely getting there.*"
"Progress report!"

"*Hm. The trees look like assorted candies.*"
"Hahah!!! Good! Continue!"
"*The vacant playground is...eh.*"
"Op! He's buffering!"
"*The vacant playground is shrouded by gloom.*"

"Or doom?"
"*No doom.*"
"What about the distant buildings? How do they appear to your optical slits?"
"*Until you mentioned them...they were appearing as blurred encasements of unobserved activities.*"
"Excellent. Are you drawn to the squirrels? You know, I had a stalemate with one of them yesterday."
"*Who won the contest?*"
"Well, that little acrobat decided to run-off before I could fully appreciate the interaction: lasted maybe 20 seconds."
"*Seems like the squirrels are up in their nests right now, preparing for winter.*"
"And you are most unwelcome."
"*I also notice the overcast sky is rather layered: the lowest clouds are no more than 6 stories above us.*"
"My less-augmented exteroceptors did not register this information."
"*Hah.*"

"Wanna head back?"
"*Yeah.*"

"You're not cold?"
"*Nah. I relish in the chilliness.*"
"You are not only more honorable, but more endurant."
"*Guess so.*"

"You drive here?"
"*Nah, train*."
"M."

"Alright, Henry! You've got anything else planned today?"
"*Not really. Just some lesson-planning and grading*."
"Maybe I'll follow in your footsteps and get into teaching."
"*You should. It's difficult but overall fulfilling*."
"Let's meet-up next week when we both have more time."
"*Sounds good to me. Nice seeing you. Bye*."
"Bye!"

Nowhere Noon

Blip elapsed.

"Oh, ordinarities...you're just...up to nothing...nowhere."

Biped observing a clock, waving..."hi"...What's next? Ride emotional tempo till full dislocation: *visceralization*: emotions and memories starting to permeate perceptions.

Neonates...toddlers...children: bipeds fully *visceralize* space into *room*...time into *tempo*... objects into *presences*. Why? For safety, comfort, and sensory delight. Adolescents:

bipeds experiment with stints...*stabilize* room into *place*...tempo into *phase*...presences into *bodies*.

Adolescents convert safety into *normality*...comfort into *status*...sensory delight into sexual *attraction* and *gratification*.

What about adults? Organizers of ordinarities...de-visceralize...de-surrealize...space into (1) *blueprints*, (2) *coordinates*, and (3) *layouts*...time into (1) *schedules*, (2) *dilations*, and (3) *work-flows*...objects into (1) *resources*, (2) *compositions*, and (3) monetizable *products*.

Adults who are especially driven by monopoly-capitalistic imperatives tend to convert normality into calendars and ambitions, status into resumes and asset-portfolios, and sexual attraction into...

Who cares? Rostral reticle registering dead wood: you care?

Elementary Grades

Preschool. Twisting-n-twirling circles and circles and circles into spirals with chocolate paint...delighted classmates. Story-time...nap-time...goodie bags in cubbies.

Kindergarten. Bell ringing...bolting from classroom...blasting toward playground at race-pace but...doll-girl next to me...squeaking huge shoes...catching up...wait what... she's easily *rolling by* no-no-nooooooooooooooooooo...how are you...so easily...what?

1st Grade. Ms. Hemmings...stop with your deformed stars: green, yellow, red cards for different levels of *obedience*. Seatmate: Sally...unnerving self-play. Super fun field-trip to Legoland...grouped with Cesar and Manuel.

2nd Grade. Ms. Strumble: jolly toad...wanna rumble? Valentine's day candy-card extravaganza. Seatmate: D'zaire. Battling with glow-in-the-dark lightsabers in pitch black closet with Jaron after watching *Star Wars Episode II: Attack of the Clones*.

3rd Grade. Mrs. Daniels. Tall tonic giraffic dame: dry gin eyes. Seatmate: Paulina...stood in the center of the classroom begging for permission to pee...yes-yes...go ahead..."but I already"...commenced sharp stream...somehow...bypassing navy pants...spatting down ...flat blue carpet pelted...classroom quietude...until relief was complete: class excused to recess.

Next morning, back...normal: commencing with multiplication series: boring...only way to motivate was to compete with Paulina...done: onto routine divisions...done: ask Mrs. Daniels for another problem-sheet, given: go back...commence...op...*snack time*: let out the inmates. Jaron: crazy-eared kid...let's get Manuel to stand outside sandbox swings for us to lob spitballs at him...just don't tell him what we're really doing: he'll choose whether to stay or go. Back in class...at desk. Paulina: adjacent figurine mo-motoring through the last strings of divisions with her utensil unfortunately not operating on my paper...incredible wrist-finger stamina. Hey, get going: she's gaining.

Every day: before class...time to throw paper airplanes...bell-rings...race-back...line-up... march-in-line...arrive...enter...sit...receive loose leaf...commence routine assignment. Frank became a rival in basketball with that agitating shot accuracy despite terrible technique...could easily intuit short and fade-away jumpers: great games and 1-v-1's.

4th Grade. Ms. Castañeda: blurted "idiots" going down the stone stairs on the way to our warm tan outdoor lunch tables. Selected with Garrett, *Geret*, to compete at the citywide math contest...bronzing neck in toasty sun afterward...wondering when you get to go home, huh. Most friends were happenstance. Soothing school year...cheerful regularity: not too many discrete memories.

5th Grade. Mr. Richard: stern man...cranial scalp glistening in fluorescence. Classroom situated as a side-room of the royal magenta chapel hosting roaring holiday plays, weekly sermons, pleasant assemblies: not now...muted pitch-black. Raising hand: restroom? Nod...scoot back...standing...walking...chapel reached: resonant scenes of singing children: love one another...for love is of God! Through our temptations and fears, the Devil tries to ruin your holy bond: mortal evil hates immortal love. God: you there? Restroom reached...privately fizzing-up this urinal detergent...finished...blank exiting...walking...back in classroom: subdued orchestra members peek at returning inmate. Look at Travis, still on spelling...hah: Geret on science...stampeding... unlike Michael Norman: tall thin-strong kid tap-diddling his pointless pencil...picking palm skin...mind-numbingly bored. Traded *Yu-Gi-Oh!* cards with Geret, Travis, Jaron, and Nick. Christmas-time...hands down the best time of the year...each lesson softening in anticipation of the rest and festivities appropriate to winter solstice. Cheerful regularity

extended to include academic focus and athletic excitement: merry peace etched into personality.

6th Grade. Ms. Choueiri: leader of the long-awaited year...yeah-yeah: he was...on the cusp of academic ascendancy. Everyone: please applaud this young man for arriving at the exact solution to this extremely difficult problem: very well done, Bert. But Tyler Justice felt himself on the cusp of athletic ascendancy...proclaiming his faster sprint despite deferring to my stamina. Challenged to a sprint 1-v-1: won. Next-up: basketball 1-v-1 at lunch. First to 5. Ty versus Bert: 3-4. Dude: YOU ARE LOSING. WAKE UP!

Ty controls the ball looking to increase his lead. OH!!!! Stoleeeeen, little bitch. Good: now I control...taking my time: twitchy kid going manic on defense to my low-but-tight dribbling style GOING FLORID double...triple behind-the-back fling-forward FLICK cross-over-loop...pivot...pull-up...shoot mid-range fadeaway falling...*cuts* NOTHING-BUT-NET yeeeees: hahahah...he curses! 4-4. You're skipping-twirling-riling the various playground spectators and even supervisors...all embroiled. 4-4. Ty *darting* for the quick steal...quick-but-inaccurate swipe. 5 for the victory. Win this with everyone watching.

Ty, wait.

Mrs. Davis! How much time left for recess? 1 minute. Hurry and finish the game, honey! Alright. Next point wins. I control. I decide how this frenzied kid moves. Pivoting...pump-faking...starting dribble...moving wiiide to the outskirts of the court... lowering...slowing dribble...Ty's eyes manically yearn for the ball *charging*...swipes... noooope...no open pockets...good...driving...shift...hard turn spine contorting jump anyway...*he jumps to block* but already afloat-flicking gooseneck finish over grunting desperation..."AHHH...F-". 5-4.

"*Hah-hahahahahah*, sorry Ty! This ain't a tie!"
"Ah, whatever"..."one game doesn't prove you're better, Bert."
"It proves I am better *on this very day*! At this very moment!"

Whistling supervisors start calling playgrounders back into lines by grade...pacifying creativities.

The actual competition with Ty was not athletic, but romantic: you...somehow...were selected by Maya. Travis and Jaron unknowingly soothed my jealous displeasure into overall okayness by passing gas and pulling other pranks at the May trip to Virginia. There we saw Nick: transferred to a school out-of-state. The brigade was concluding its

7-year collective adventure and classmateship...from kindergarten to 6th Grade: awful nostalgia already seeping.

Intermediate Grades

(Aldo): "¿Oye, quieres ir a ver lo que hacen Diana y Valeria?" (Hey, wanna see what Diana and Valeria are up to?)
(Berto): "Pues supongo solamente porque a ti se te antoja ir." (Well sure only because you crave going over there.)
(Aldo): "¡Ahhh chale, Berto! ¡A ti te gusta Diana, wey...y solo lo niegas por miedoso!" (Ahhh goddammit, Berto! You like Diana dude...and you only deny it because you're a pansy.)
(Berto): "¡Ja! ¡Que majadería!" (Hah! What stupidity!)
(Aldo): "¡Entonces vamos, cabrón!" (Then let's go, dude.)
(Berto): "¿Entonces es neta? ¿Te late Valeria?" (So it's true? You like Valeria?)
(Aldo): "¡Por lo menos yo lo admito...tú eres el miedoso del rechazo...sin ni el pensamiento de verdaderamente intentar, *a pesar de que* te encanta y piensas en ella todo el tiempo sin parar *y hasta te lo jalas a ella, pinche animal asqueroso*!" (At least I admit it...you are a pansy about rejection...without even the thought to actually try, even though you are obsessed and think about her all the time and you even jack-off to her, you fucking disgusting animal!)
(Berto): "¡A la verga, wey! Cállate el hocico...Diana pasó medio cerca y nos miró, *pinche idiota*...no juegues, Aldo. ¿Esa lengüita se te desarrolló demasiado pronto? Aldito prematuro." (What the fuck, dude! Shut your snout. Diana passed by kinda close and looked at us, you *fucking idiot*...don't play, Aldo. That little tongue developed too soon? Premature Aldito.)
(Aldo): "¡Ja! Cierto, perdón wey...pero mira cómo te pones tan enchilado JAAAJAAA." (Hah! True, sorry dude...but look how you get so agitated HAAAHAAAH.)
(Berto): "Na." (Nah.)
(Aldo): "¡O sí!" (Oh yes!)
(Berto): "OK. Aquí lo tienes: a ti te late Valeria, y a mi Diana...¿y?" (OK. Here it is: you are the one who likes Valeria, and I Diana...and?)
(Aldo): "¿Y? Wey. Felicidades." (And? Dog. Congratulations.)
(Berto): "No me toques. Lo admití. Ya está." (Don't touch me. I admitted it. That's it.)

(Aldo): “A huevo. Valeria y Diana son mejores amigas...¿Ósea, que no captas? La situación está perfecta, impecable.” (Fuck yeah. Valeria and Diana are best friends...I mean, what don’t you get? This situation is perfect, impeccable.)
(Berto): “Supongo.” (I guess.)
(Aldo): “Mira, Berto...ya mero tienes 13 pinches años. Es tiempo de que te pongas más hombrecito.” (Look, Berto, you’re almost 13 fucking years old. It’s time that that you manned up a bit.)
(Berto): “¿Neta? Festéjate tus propias pendejadas.” (Actually? Celebrate your own bullshit.)
(Aldo): “Oye...nos está llamando la Señora Renata.” (Hey...we’re being called in by Mrs. Renata.)
(Berto): “¿Quieres estropear la posibilidad de que nosotros cuatro seamos parejas? Ahora mismo, es nada más que una triste fantasía.” (You wanna ruin the possibility of us four being couples? Right now, this is just a sad fantasy.)
(Aldo): “Tranquilo, hermano: no me apendejo con las chicas. Ni con nadie. Recuerda: somos unas chingonerías.” (Relax, brother: I don’t go idiotic with the ladies. Nor with anyone. Remember: we are juggernauts.)
(Berto): “¡Arre!” (Say less!)

(Olavo): “Alright guys. Good break? Good snacks? Good. Hey-hey: enough talking. I’m talking now. Interruptions are unproductive.”

(Classroom rumbling quells.)

“Thanks. Well, we return to the advanced definition of *history*. What is history? First and foremost, historians collect a rich record of tangible traces of personal, familial, social, and legal activities, including treaties, letters, laws, political documents, paintings, photographs, newspapers, songs, poems, pamphlets, diary notes, published writings, and, of course, any anthropological artifacts that are uploaded to the internet. Here’s the problem: *not every artifact is directly traceable or tangible.* What do we call the artifacts which are outright untraceable or intangible? Examples are unrecorded conversations. What about artifacts which have been destroyed or lost yet which many written and spoken records suggest existed. These artifacts are often called *lost relics*. In fact, the study and general appreciation of lost relics is its own branch of history. Anyway, open your textbooks to page...”

Lost Relics

“Twilight again. Leave the lights off. Let dusk seep.”
“Keep roaming memories.”

Yana! Let’s play! Let’s do...some *earth activities*! What’s your favorite? Holes! Holes! Same!!! Woohoo!!! Let’s go underneath our old tree with white blooms: that’s our very first spot...here...crouching...backed by evergreen brush flowering yellows and pinkies! Verto, can you get some small sticks? Oh! And a medium one to break the lake. Holes are easy! Pour water...stir the wet dirt with your fingertips...and dig the dirt into mud with your stick! You’ll create a mud-lake!

(Yana): “Verto! Feel this!!!”
(Verto): “Hah!!! Are you really making a mud room?”
(Yana): “Yeah, but I gotta thicken the mud first.”
(Verto): “Nice. After, you can use some water to create silky layers.”
(Yana): “Yeaaah!!!”
(Verto): “Meanwhile, I’m making some soupy poop. Hah!”
(Yana): “Ahh-hahahahah!!!”

(Subiendo las escaleras...going upstairs): Quisiera tener *tu* cuarto...tan anaranjado durante la tarde. (Wish I could have *your* room...so orange during the afternoon.)

“Yana: todavía estas afuera. Puedo entrar, sentar, y pensar.” (Yana: you’re still outside. I can enter, sit, and think.)

(Yana): “Oye. ¿Estoy alucinando? ¿Estás viendo la misma sombra moviendo dentro del baño oscuro? Verto, las figuras que vemos no son fantasías. Son reales. *Simplemente no tienen cuerpos como los de nosotros*.” (Hey. Am I hallucinating? Are you seeing the same shadow moving inside the dark bathroom? Berto, the figures we see are not fantasies. They’re real. *They simply don’t have bodies like ours*.)
(Verto): “No se. ¿Cómo sabes que no son alucinaciones?” (I don’t know. How do you know they aren’t hallucinations?)
(Yana): “PORQUE NUESTROS CUERPOS NO LIMITAN TODO LO QUE SOMOS.” (BECAUSE OUR BODIES DO NOT LIMIT ALL THAT WE ARE.)

(Yana, continuando): “Ella caminaba *aquí mismo*.” (She walked *right here*.)
(Verto): “Hay demasiados recuerdos.” (There are too many memories.)
(Yana): “Camino por las noches, en cada cuarto, queriendo ser sonámbula, pero, en vez, soy un alma carnal en pena...y lloro.” (I walk around at night, in each room, wanting to be a sleepwalker, but, instead, I’m a carnal soul in shame...and I cry.)
(Verto): “Y ves a Pa cuando estás recorriendo por la noche? (And do you ever see Dad when you’re roaming at night?)
(Yana): “Sí.” (Yes.)

(Yana, continuando): “Pa disfruta de la penumbra, la cual ya está comenzando.” (Dad enjoys the twilight, which is already commencing).”

(Verto): ¿Qué hace?” (What does he do?)
(Yana): “Se sienta y medita mientras que el cuarto se oscurece. Lo escucho...llorando...y murmurando.” (He sits and meditates as the room darkens. I hear him...crying...and murmuring.)
(Verto): “¿Qué dice? (What does he say?)
(Yana): “Esto: ‘sé...que no estoy comunicando con un cuarto inanimado.’ Y otras cosas que no quiero repetir.” (This: I know...that I am not communicating with an inanimate room. And other things I don’t want to repeat.)

(Yana, continuando): “Pero yo si entiendo que tanto le duele.” (But I do understand how much it hurts him.)

(Verto): “Papi no se murmura.” (Dad doesn’t murmur to himself.)
(Yana): “Tú no estás allí. No sabes.” (You are not there. You don’t know.)
(Verto, continuando): “¡Yana...mira los muebles...el piso! ¡Las paredes! *No te escuchan*. Los muertos son inanimados. ¡Basta con lo demás! ¡Son puras fantasías!” (Yana...Look at the furniture...the floor! The walls! *They don’t hear you.* The dead are inanimates. Stop with rest! They’re just fantasies!)

(Yana): “¡¡¡¡Abue sabía!!!! (Grandpa knew!!!!)
(Verto): “El día de su entierro, Abue y yo nos levantamos de madrugada para caminar al cerro más alto: subimos cerro-tras-cerro...hasta al fin llegar. Abue me contó que imaginaba una casita simple escondidita entre los pinos del valle...rodeado de arbustos floreciendo.” (The day of her burial, Grandpa and I got up at dawn to walk to the highest hill: we trekked hill-after-hill...until finally arriving. Grandpa told me he imagined a little simple house hidden in the pines of the valley...surrounded by flowering bushes.)

(Yana): “¡Que genial!” (How awesome!)
(Verto): “Y lo miré aceptando su dolor por su hija recién fallecida...sonriendo con lágrimas hacía el valle nublado.” (And I looked at him accepting his pain for his recently deceased daughter...smiling with tears toward the cloudy valley.)

(Verto, continuando): “Y empieza a cantar!” (And he starts singing!)

“Ahí van los pasajeros.” (There go the passengers.) “¡Excursionistas!” (Trekkers!) “¿Los ves?” (You see them?) “Muerte: mi momento único.” (Death: my unique moment.) “Yo...la siento...ayudándome.” (I...feel her...helping me.) “Ahora, ella es mi reliquia más preciada.” (Now, she is my most precious relic.) “Rodea mi rostro.” (She surrounds my face.) “¡Muerte: mi mejor amiga!” (Death: my best friend!) “¡¡¡¡Mi Acta de Nacimiento!!!!” (My Birth Certificate!!!!)

Aberration

“I am the son of Merlín Sedál.”
“I am the son of Alma Sedál.”
“I am the brother of Yana Sedál.”

“*Hola, mi hijo.*” (Hello, my son.)
“¿Pa?” (Dad?)

“Soy el ultimo...y no puedo seguir. Lo siento.” (I’m the last one...and I can’t continue. I’m sorry.)
“*Hazlo por nosotros.*” (Do it for us.)
“No tengo el poder.” (I don’t have the power.)
“*Verto, no rindas tu vida.*” (Berto, don’t give up your life.)
“Mi vida es una desgracia.” (My life is a disgrace.)
“*Sigues negando la verdad.*” (You keep denying the truth.)
“No entiendo. ¿Están aquí en el cuarto conmigo?” (I don’t understand. Are you all here in the room with me?)
“*Somos ambientales.*” (We are ambient.)

"¿Entonces...no han muerto en realidad? ¿Siguen vivos...pero sin cuerpos físicos?" (Then, you haven't actually died? You're still alive...without physical bodies?)
"*Si. Tu cuerpo sigue siendo físico. Los nuestros son ambientales.*" (Yes. Your body remains physical. Ours are ambient.)
"¿Cómo es posible?" (How is this possible?)
"*Todo es uno. No hay pérdida.*" (All is one. There is no loss.)

"Pa. ¿Qué es esto?" (Dad. What is this?)
"*Esta interacción, por ahora, es una aberración.*" (This interaction, for now, is an aberration.)
"No entiendo." (I don't understand.)
"*Te enseñaremos cómo contactarnos de manera regular...a través de pura emoción.*" (We'll teach you how to contact us in a regular manner...through pure emotion.)
"¿Cómo sabré que son ustedes?" (How will I know it's you?)
"*El lenguaje natural es telepatía verbal. Con práctica, aprenderás a usar su extensión de cuerpo completo: telepatía perceptiva.*" (Natural language is verbal telepathy. With practice, you will learn to use its full-body extension: perceptual telepathy.)
"¿Mis percepciones serán las tuyas?" (My perceptions will be your own?)
"*Son nuestras ahora. Como acaba de decir tu hermana, somos uno.* ***Todo es uno****. No hay pérdida; sólo ganancia.*" (They are ours now. As your sister just said, we are one. **All is one**. There is no loss; only gain.)

El Cuarto Viejo

(Verto): "Ya-Ya. Tienes 8 años. No puede ser que todavía crees en espíritus." (Ya-Ya. You're 8 years old. It can't be that you still believe in spirits.)

(Yana): "¿Entonces Mami ya no existe aparte de nuestra memoria y sus cosas?" (Then Mommy no longer exists apart from our memory and her things?)
(Verto): "Sé que duele, pero así es." (I know it hurts, but that's how it is.)
(Yana): "No te creo. La veo todas las noches cuando sueño, y me cuenta de un mundo de puros espíritus...con cuerpos diferentes." (I don't believe you. I see her every night when I dream, and she tells me about a spirit world...with different bodies).
(Verto): "Todo eso está en tu cerebro vivo. No hay mundo de espíritus. Esto es todo." (That's all in your living brain. There is no spirit world. This is it.)

(Verto, continuando): "Ya-Ya. Yana...Ma *se envenenó*. No quería vivir. ¿Me escuchas? No...quería...vivir." (Ya-Ya. Yana...Mom *poisoned herself*. She didn't want to live. You hear me? She...didn't...want...to...live.)
(Yana): "¿Entonces, cómo explicas que Papi habla con ella en el Cuarto Viejo cada penumbra?" (Then, how do you explain Daddy talking to her in the Old Room every twilight?)
(Verto): "Fácil: conversa con una combinación de sus recuerdos y su imaginación." (Easy: he converses with a combination of his memories and his imagination.)

(Verto): "Ya-Ya. Voy a decirte algo que empeorará tu dolor, pero es importante que sepas toda la verdad, en vez de perseguir espejismos." (Ya-Ya. I'm going to tell you something that will worsen your pain, but it's important for you to know the full truth, instead of chasing mirages.)

(Verto, continuando): "*Escuché a Ma reírse mientras que se envenenaba.* Ahora, su experiencia no es más que la del Cuarto Viejo. Es inanimada." (*I heard Mom laughing while she poisoned herself*. Now, her experience is no more than that of the Old Room. She's inanimate.)

Concurrence

"Hahah! Hahahah! Who the fuck cares?"

"A man laughing alone in a bathroom...hallucinating: ready to redact."

“Go inanimate.”

“I should call Jós...for what?”

“For his reminder: what is, concurs.”

“Pointless scrolling...”

“Wait. What the fuck is this?”

I am Ra. I have not spoken through this instrument before. We had to wait until she was precisely tuned, as we send a **narrow-band vibration**. We greet you in the love and in the light of our Infinite Creator.

We have watched your group. We have been called to your group, for you have a need for the diversity of experiences in channeling which go with a more intensive, or as you might call it, advanced approach to the system of studying the patterns of the illusions of your body, your mind, and your spirit, which you call seeking the truth. We hope to offer you a somewhat different slant upon the information which is always and ever the same.

The Confederation of Planets in the Service of the Infinite Creator has only one important statement. That statement, my friends, as you know, is: **"All things, all of life, all of the creation is part of one original thought."**

We will exercise each channel if we are able to. The reception of our beam is a somewhat more advanced feat than some of the broader vibration channels opened by other members for more introductory and intermediate work.

Let us for a moment consider thought. What is it, my friends, to take thought? Took you then thought today? What thoughts did you think today? What thoughts were part of the original thought today? In how many of your thoughts did the creation abide? Was love contained? And was service freely given? **You are not part of a material universe. You are part of a thought.** You are dancing in a ballroom in which there is no material. You are dancing thoughts.

You move your body, your mind, and your spirit in somewhat eccentric patterns for you have not completely grasped...that you are part of the original thought.

Afterword

Respawn was first drafted in a series of handwritten notebooks.[46] In the summers of 2009-2018, my two oldest, closest, and nature-loving friends[47] would regularly join me for afternoon runs, night hikes, beach outings, and other fun excursions. Apart from swapping jokes, stories, updates, and advice, we would discuss mathematical problems and philosophical paradoxes. Starting in 2015, I recorded our results in these notebooks through poems, questions, diagrams, dialogues, maxims, fragmented remarks, nested definitions, formal derivations, and extended summaries.[48]

Eventually recognizing that every system of notation (formalism, prose, verse, staff), no matter how lucid or ingenious, can only vaguely approximate the most ordinary experiential processes, I became less and less satisfied with my entries. I kept encountering the same basic conundrum: how can I convey, through inscription, experiential processes which are *intrinsically non-inscriptive?* Many spells of meditation and introspection, often occurring during long runs, revealed this to be a literary offshoot of the so-called "hard problem of consciousness": in the same way that the formal-empirical investigation of consciousness is itself a highly specialized[49] use of consciousness, the experiential process of inscription is itself a highly specialized use of experience. It should be unsurprising that multisensory[50] media are rapidly surpassing written media in popularity. As stated in the introduction, *Respawn* is an attempt to grammatically generalize the first-person perspective. The result, if successful, is a verbal approximation of subconscious mentation. Whether this method merits further application and adaptation[51] is for readers and writers to decide.

The lengthy pre-writing phase, which consisted of gradually intuiting the grammatical sanitation of first-person narration, took place in the summers of 2009-2016. With the seed crystal in hand and desperate to catalyze its growth, I abused my spare time to quickly free-write a bloated 500-page rough draft (2016-2017), all the while knowing it would require a complete rewrite. However, I felt so fatigued and frustrated with its unreadability that I focused on other projects until the fall of 2023. The intervening years not only allowed my mind to recover, but to pinpoint the various technical distinctions between self-conscious and sub-conscious narration. I chose to self-edit for the same reason that most painters self-edit: surrendering to aesthetic spontaneity makes for the most joyous journey.

I long ago decided that all of my written works would be self-published under pseudonyms. The superficial reason is related to my career as a secondary school teacher: for students and administrators to have any access to my personal life would be inappropriate. The deeper reason is my heartfelt desire that each work be engaged without regard for its author(s). In no way does this mean that I intend to devalue or ignore any reception I generate. On the contrary, I am humbled to have your attention and hopeful that my labor of love is met with enjoyment.

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[46] My radiant, adventurous, and amazingly patient wife encouraged my philosophical fervor by gifting me my first notebook in 2015 (along with several subsequent notebooks). I dedicate this narrative to you. My heart ♥ would have never fully opened without you. I love you...eternally.

[47] Their fictionalized versions are named Jós and Andro. Due to their crucial contributions during the pre-writing phase, I consider them co-authors.

[48] Perhaps needless to add, our friendships and discussions continue to this day.

[49] I.e., non-exhaustive.

[50] Movies and documentaries are not only multisensory but, when converted into sagas and series, prove no less complex than novels and other written works.

[51] For example, I can imagine adapting the generalized first-person perspective to a multi-narrator novel. Given the markedly different cadence and valence of each narrator's subconscious mentation, this would be an intriguing challenge.

Proof